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Things in General.

HAVE been spending three or four days up in Waterloo County, as a matter of fact nursing my rheumatism at Preston Springs. While there I had numerous opportunities of speaking with fairly representative men of the German population which has made that whole district one of the wealthiest centers of industry in Canada. There is no political partition, no matter how bitter, who ever belittles our German fellow-citizens. No matter in what locality the Germans have gathered together, they are always held in high esteem for their industry, kindness and law-abiding impulse. As the question of loyalty has been so largely, and it seems to me improperly, raised, with regard to French-Canadians, I ventured to ask the good-natured and gentle-minded Germans whom I met, how they felt towards the policy of Canada volunteering troops for British wars, without consulting the people or having any voice in deciding whether there should be a war or not. The German citizens of Canada are noted for their tendency to mind their own business, and I found them somewhat unready in venturing an opinion either one way or the other, until I asked the question, "Now, for instance, if Great Britain had a war with Germany what would your loyalty impel you to do?" The prompt answer came, "To sympathize with Germany, if Canada were not directly concerned. Everything that has to do with Canada would touch every German first of all, for we are a patriotic people. Of course it is many years since we left the Fatherland; our forefathers, many of them, left it before there was a grand Fatherland, but we yet speak the language and naturally love the race from which we sprung. The obligation we feel as a German people in Canada is to the Dominion, and we would give everything, property, sons, brothers, all our men, and the sympathy of all our women, if Canada were involved in a quarrel."

"But if it were Great Britain's quarrel how would you feel?" "That it was none of our business." "But," I insisted, "if it were Great Britain's quarrel with Germany?" "Well, I would feel that it was still none of our business, unless we were asked to go out and fight against our kinsmen. And then the quarrel not being ours, I would say to my German friends, 'Let us stay at home, protect our own country, but not fight with the people of our own blood.'" The gentleman with whom I was talking was a well educated, reputable man, Conservative in politics, and one who would not like to be quoted. I only mention this scrap of a conversation to point out to those who are making so much noise over what is being and has been said in Lower Canada, that politically speaking the Conservative party can make no gain by introducing racial questions. I think it will be found that every man who has a stake in Canada is absolutely patriotic and would defend this country to the last gasp, but it is not quite so certain that loyalty means the same thing to every resident in this very much mixed community.

As I pointed out some weeks ago, loyalty and patriotism are two different things. My loyalty is to Great Britain, to the country in which my father was born, and the conditions of that land are those traditions which I hope shall always guide me. To the French-Canadian, France has a marvelous attraction because it is the land of his forefathers; his traditions and the stories and the prayers that he heard at his mother's knee were in the language of France. To the German, loyalty means a love of the country from which his forebears came. To the Irish, with whom probably the whole three nationalities already enumerated disagree, loyalty means a love of the Emerald Island, its stories, its traditions, its feuds, and its hardships. It is doubtful if the Doukhobor could be persuaded to fight, if he would fight Russia, or, if the Galician could be made to shoulder arms, if he would be willing even to fight his oppressor. For these reasons it would seem to me that we ought to be very careful about throwing clubs promiscuously at the peoples who are coming to live with us and who in the course of a few generations will become so assimilated as to make their impulses almost identical with our own. These impulses will become identical with ours when their interests are so centered in Canada that British connection, British trade and the British flag will mean everything to them. This process of assimilation in the past has been very slow. In the future we may hope to see it become very rapid, reaching the very innermost feelings of every man whose life and property are protected by the flag.

In the past each nationality has sequestered itself. The foreigners who came to us, as well as the people from our own native islands, have seen fit to live in close communities. I was born on the borders of a settlement where nothing but Gaelic was spoken. The young people of the Highland Scotch of that neighborhood to-day scarcely speak Gaelic or understand it. The English language is gradually creeping into every home; it is the language of business, of education. It is the language of the Continent; everyone must understand it or be very seriously handicapped, yet no Scotchman likes to hear of the English Queen, the English navy, or the mistake of forgetting that everything is British—not English.

Nevertheless, we must remember that even to-day there are peoples in this country, both Highland Scotch, French, Italian and German, among whom the tongue spoken by the old people is that of the old land. Nothing is more convincing of the tendency of the old people to cling to the tongue of their forebears, than a visit to the cemetery of a German neighborhood in the very heart of Ontario, where on every tombstone will be seen almost the same inscriptions as you can see in the graveyards of Germany itself, "Auf wiedersehen,"—Until we meet again," and many of the affectionate words with which the German language abounds. The little can hold flowers, the same little decorations, identically the same prejudices, can be seen, and exemplify the same impulse, and altogether you will see a little spot of Germany when you see the cemetery. The inscriptions are German on the tombstones; the eyes that spill tears upon the grass which covers the loved dead, look from German hearts. And these are our best citizens. Is it possible that we can be everlasting engaged in racial wars without perpetuating the exclusiveness which has kept these splendid people so closely in touch with one another? At their hospitable tables and you will get the dishes of old Germany. Look at their little ornaments and see the treasures of their little households, and you will see the same thrifty evidences of German taste that you would find in a household in the same class of population in the land from which they sprung.

I am an Imperial Federationist; I believe in the grand destiny of the Empire and in the final universality of the English tongue, but I am getting too old and too easily affected perhaps by these meannesses of affection which people preserve lest they may be forgetful of their past, to engage in any swash-buckler arguments.

Let us do our duty to the Empire, but let us not be unmindful of those gentle courtesies which we owe to our neighbors who may not feel quite as we do, but who are just as good Canadians perhaps as we are. This is their home as well as ours.

W. F. R. LATCHFORD has been elected in South Renfrew by what may be considered a very good majority, though both Liberal and Conservative candidates have before now received greater. It is an off time in politics, and it cannot be denied that the Ontario Government has been a little off color as to popularity. As has been pointed out, the Opposition as

well as the Government made the fight in South Renfrew as bitter as possible. Mr. Latchford was an outsider, apparently brought in for a special purpose, and the constituency apparently felt like giving him a good lively initiation so that as a Cabinet Minister he might not forget the necessity of being kind to the voters in order, in the future, to make his calling and election sure. At any rate, as things are now, neither the Opposition nor the Government can quarrel with a majority such as Mr. Latchford obtained. Constituencies are not to be regarded, as they once were, as sure things for any party, and it is better so. Proposed measures and a declared policy should be more attractive to the people of a province like Ontario than the prejudices of the past, or party affiliations which have become absolutely meaningless.

THE Toronto police are trying to discover the identity and trace out the records of the two burglars who killed the merchant Varcoe, and they will probably succeed in the task. One of the ruffians has since died from the effects of the pistol-wound received from the policeman on duty who captured both men. This man gave the name of McIntosh, but proves to be one Curtis, who not long ago finished a term in the Central Prison. The identity of the man Williams will probably be discovered before these lines reach the reader. The dead man being now beyond trial, there is no particular necessity for

offender, and presumably capable of reformation, what measures for his reform were taken by the State, which ultimately had to shoot or hang him after he had progressed from little things to irreparable crime, and are those measures which failed to reform him being depended upon now in cases similar to his? These are some of the questions that his case seems to suggest, and perhaps an enquiry along these lines by earnest criminologists would lead to results more important to society and to Varcoes slumbering in their beds, than anything medical students can adduce by dissection.

When complete information is had it will almost certainly prove that these two men gave ample warning—ample if understood—of the tragedy for which they were training. They were probably jailed and imprisoned repeatedly. It is already known that McIntosh, alias Curtis, only left the Central Prison in April last after serving two years for attempting to shoot a man. That term of imprisonment failed to correct his life, and we should see whether it tended to confirm it in evil. Men are sent time after time for comparatively short sentences to the Central Prison. Some appear to so opportunity time and gauge their offences as to winter there and summer at large. Their previous convictions count against them in time, and practice hardens them until they reason that they might as well attempt something serious as something in their usual line, as they will be hard hit if caught in either case. That man is not reformed

AT Whitby on Tuesday night Hon. G. W. Ross, the new Premier, took occasion to announce the policy of the new Administration. His friends have reason to regret that he was not sooner made leader of the Liberals in this province and that his policy was not adopted years ago. Though Ontario has made very great advances in wealth and population, it cannot be denied that with the advantages it possesses the most has not been made of its enormous territory and illimitable resources. I believe I am only one of many who have wondered at the apathy of both the Government and the Opposition with regard to the development of the vast area of country for the possession of which the Mowat Government made such a desperate fight. It appeared that after obtaining an undisputed title to this huge estate, neither those on the Government benches nor those opposed to them had a definite idea of what to do with it. It is true that certain small projects with regard to opening up, settling and developing the territory were entered into, but at the rate of progress made we and our children, and our children's children, will all be dead before either the people or the profit which should come to us will be discoverable. The estate of Ontario has been managed as a cautious and small-minded farmer would manage a large holding of six hundred acres, about one hundred of which was cleared and tillable. Whenever necessity drove the farmer to get a few extra dollars he would sell some of the timber and probably clear up another five or ten acres. Having enough for the necessities of the day, he felt no impulse towards making the most of his opportunities. Living thus from year to year, such an administrator of a large farm could easily be quite independent, respectable, and be able to even sneer at the prosperity of his more energetic neighbors. Ontario cannot tolerate any further administration of its affairs on these lines.

This province has long been well known to be paying three-fifths of the taxes of the Dominion. If we pay, let us possess. If we possess, let us make the most of our possessions. If money is to be spent to bring people to Canada, let us have our share of the people. If we have lands, let them be tilled; if we have mines, let them be worked. We have all the facilities for providing an enormous population with the means of livelihood and the opportunities of acquiring wealth. What have we done towards obtaining the people and securing our share of the enormously increasing trade and commerce of Canada? British Columbia has long been booming itself; Manitoba and the Northwest Territories have long been booming themselves, and have been assisted by every other province. Ontario alone seemed to be satisfied with its accidental increase, and our cities and towns have been dependent for their growth, largely upon the developments occurring thousands of miles away.

Premier Ross appears to have very decided opinions with regard to what should be done, while the Opposition, led by Mr. Whitney, seems to have no policy at all. Ontario cannot do better than to let the new Premier serve out the term of the present Parliament unembarrassed by factional fights, in order that he may demonstrate to us whether he is in earnest, or if he is simply attempting to put us asleep with a political cradle song. If he fulfills his promises, or makes an honest attempt to do so, the Opposition will lose nothing by falling in line and pushing him to the extremity of the pledges he has given the people, by assisting him at every point. By purely factional opposition Mr. Whitney and his friends will lose every particle of popularity they possess, while by joining in the good work they will reap as much advantage, if not more than will be obtained by the Administration.

I have not had time to examine the details of the Premier's policy as announced at Whitby. Every line needs careful reading and every promise the most diligent scrutiny. Apparently Mr. Ross has spoken with the greatest possible candor, and where he announces as the principal plank of his platform that his Government will endeavor to have the crude products of Ontario manufactured into the most finished article of commerce before being exported, he makes his strongest point. The people of this province should not be simply the builders of railroads, and the hewers of wood, and the bearers of heavy burdens, in order to send to more ambitious localities the products of our mines, forests and fields, to be finished by highly-paid artisans who have a right to look upon us with more or less contempt. We can do the finishing in Ontario. We have the water power, the materials and shipping facilities: let us have the profit of doing the work and the benefits arising from Ontario becoming an attractive place for skilled artisans, designers and capitalists.

Ontario will look with interest to Premier Ross, and will watch his performances either with intense appreciation or unconcealed aversion. He came into the leadership of his party at a critical moment, and yet after reading his address I imagine the majority of the people will believe that success is still within his reach. He should not be discouraged if there is no great outbreak of enthusiasm, for the people of this country unfortunately have heard so many promises and seen so many meager performances that they will look for energetic action before being anything more than friendly critics.

THE value of the changes which civilization has made in the savage must very soon come up for consideration. Our unity of impulse is apparently purely tribal. Our belief in the "do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is first of all personal, and then tribal, and then national. Our respect for human life and for property is evidently a matter of self-interest. It seems to me that the church and the press, and that individuals, should make a very vigorous effort to rejustify where this lands us, and thus become able to utilize the shreds of religion which will last when self-interest and tribal prejudices are in conflict. We should also be well informed as to what traces of civilization can be found when national conflicts stand us all on our heads as it were. We should really know how much pressure the veneer will stand, and to what extent we may rely on those forces which cabin and confine us in small matters, when greater pressure is put on and the savagery of not only the individual, but of the mass, frees itself from all modern ties.

I think the fact is apparent that we can only be relied on under very small pressure. The animal of the man, the desire for admiration and the desire to admire in the woman, and the love of adventure, change and conquest in the "he" animal of the human species, and the devotion of the "she" animal of the same species to the one who risks most and wins most, are obvious. I feel myself so much of a savage that I could sometimes howl with delight when I see the British soldier doing up the other fellow. I have often confessed that I am absolutely hysterical in the presence of a brass band and a marching army of men. This is perhaps not the only nor the worst trace of the savage that I possess, but I know it is savage and I try to hold it back, and then try to justify it in others, and then feel a sort of contempt for myself for not becoming a fit subject for a lunatic asylum by breaking out. I think the only thing that keeps us within our limits is the fact that other savages are waiting to be as savage as they were before they ever saw an overcoat or a pair of trousers.

But what will become of the educated savage? Where will we land when our savagery shakes off its shackles and goes forth in the lust of strength and the pride of life, and with all the energy and appliances of education, to do up the



IT WAS DEADMAN'S CURVE, NEW YORK CITY.

Sample Drawing from SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER, illustrating an ingenious story of a bank robbery.

hunting out his antecedents, yet the police have a professional curiosity to know all about him and a creditable desire not to be baffled. Is it not possible that some investigations could be made into this case that would be more important to society than the mere searching for names and dates? Whence came McIntosh, alias Curtis? I do not think it matters much where he was two weeks ago or two months ago, but where and how was he produced? where and how did he grow up and develop in crime until at the age of thirty or thereabouts he was as dangerous as a rabid dog? Think of his case for a moment. He was not in want, for when captured he had money and considerable money's worth on his person; indeed, the two burglars carried more money in their pockets than there was any likelihood of there being on the premises which they entered for the purposes of robbery. He was equipped for violent burglary and armed not only for defence, but for attack, as was shown by the boldness of his movements and the promptness with which he used his pistol. We are told that while he lay in the hospital awaiting death he seemed, whether conscious or in delirium, quite incapable of speaking except in the language of profanity. That he might articulate at all, oaths were as necessary to him as vowel sounds, a last stage of profanity at which some arrive. How came this young man to be what he was so early an age—dying horribly, refusing medical aid to escape the hangman?

There are students at our colleges as old as McIntosh, alias Curtis, and they feel that they are still boys with the world ahead of them. It has been proposed to hand this man's body over to some of these students for dissection, but is not his character or nature that requires to be dissected and studied rather than his mere physical organs? What caused produced him? What outward influences and inward tendencies brought him to this end? What part, if any, did heredity play in bedeviling him, and what evil associations caught him up and bore him along? When he was a mild

by our present system of punishment, but made dangerous. We spend enormous sums in maintaining police forces, courts and prisons to detect, convict and detain offenders, and it seems astonishingly stupid that we should go on year after year, and generation after generation, without recognizing criminology in its deep seriousness—without taking any permanent advantage of the acquired wisdom and experience in crime and criminals that our judges, police magistrates, crown attorneys, police officials and detectives must possess, and possess exclusively. It was only the other day that Judge McMahon on the bench expressed his regret that he could not lawfully impose as severe a sentence on a criminal as the crime deserved. Not long ago a prison superintendent made the statement that comparatively few criminals were reformed by imprisonment, and that the system of indeterminate sentences would have to be introduced before results notably good could be looked for. He also said that fear of the lash would deter men from small offences, whereas if they grew in viciousness, fear of the gallows would not deter them from capital crimes. I shall not discuss that now, but much could be said in favor of indeterminate sentences. A prisoner's character can be studied at leisure in prison as it cannot be in court, and the logic of the proposal is that the incurable criminal should be held secure without waiting until after he has compassed his capital crime. Why should not our judges confer, exchange ripe views and draw up recommendations for the handling of our criminal population? Serving the state in connection with our courts and prisons are men who possess invaluable knowledge, yet they are not free to use it, but must dole out ready-made law and send the youth to jail a few times, to prison a few times, to the penitentiary, and perhaps at last to the scaffold. We wonder at crime, although we grow it, feed it, school it; we see it develop, and all we do is to measure it from time to time with terms of imprisonment increasing with its increasing size.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE ISSUED ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

other fellow? Where will we all be when a warlike record and the list of battles which we have helped to win, and the pile of dead and wounded we have accumulated, become the only introduction which will win feminiae favor, the popularity of the community, and the confidence of a nation? If Canada will only keep on "hollering" for war and giving everything to heroes who wear red coats, I am going to get on a red coat and go out and assault a big policeman, and if I can escape with my life I suppose I will rip down the street, vociferating, "To hell with Kruger. God Save the Queen. Hurrah for South Africa." From the beginning of this trouble that is the way I have felt. The civilized section of me has restrained the savage from doing just as it felt like doing. I do not think I am any worse than my neighbors, but I feel that we ought to cling to this religious and social veneer and respect for policemen until it is unanimously settled that all of us drop our store clothes, put on an apron and war paint, and start for the front. There will be nobody to see us off because we will be all going, and the world would stand aghast for about an hour, and then it would shed its duds and join in the scrap. As the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin, so the people of the world, the grown-up children, the poorly disguised savages, will, I am sure, follow their Pied Piper to the war.

AM glad to see that the *World* newspaper, which has been one of the chief sinners against the courtesies which the people of this country owe to one another, has adopted a much more modified tone with regard to what we should do to strengthen the ties which bind the colonies to Great Britain and which will make it possible for all classes of Canadians to contribute of our strength to the magnificence of our ruling center. In Monday's paper the *World* says:

It would be well if Sir Charles Tupper would follow suit, take these gentlemen at their word, and instead of talking about our old contribution to Imperial defense, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, let him propose something suited to the time and occasion, that will really strengthen the Empire, so that instead of the colonies acting singly and spasmodically, they will be found ready, and always ready, when the time of danger comes.

The above paragraph has many limitations, but it endorses the idea that I have been so steadfastly putting forth, that we must have some permanent arrangement whereby the colonies will do their share towards the maintenance of British authority, the defences of the Empire, the extension of the freedom of mankind which British rule always ensures. If we have this permanent basis, if we have "the something suited to the times," our strength will not be lessened by having an argument whenever a campaign occurs in which our various races may find themselves naturally enough bitterly partisan either for or against the war. If the contribution is regularly levied it will be regularly paid, and though sometimes there may be elements amongst us which feel that it is more or less hard upon them to be contributors to a war against their own original race, yet nothing but a revolution can prevent the payment of the sum due for the support which the Empire will properly expect for the consolidation of the great countries which will result. We must remember that we have Hindoos, and Mohammedans, and followers of Confucius, and the adherents of every Christian religion, and those who speak almost every tongue, to bring together before the Empire becomes exactly what our fondest hopes would outline. This great end cannot be brought about by violence of speech, by yellow journalism, or by action which is caused by excitement and may cause disaffection and bitterness. We have gone too far to fear that any British colony will ever fail to do its duty. The British Government has gone so far in its cosmopolitan treatment of the various peoples who enjoy the protection of the flag, that the colonies do not need to either make protest or to engage in coaxing or coercing the authorities who have been so successful in bringing about so grand a result. Our duty, it seems to me, lies almost altogether in the direction of living in harmony amongst ourselves.

Those of us who are altogether British may very well afford to send regiments by the thousands or the tens of thousands to support Britain in foreign wars, but we certainly should have some regard for the feelings of others and not insist upon those who have different traditions doing identically as we do, or being denounced as traitors. One thing that we may all insist upon, and must all insist upon, is that in everything purely Canadian, every nationality and every tradition shall be forgotten, and that every man shall stand shoulder to shoulder in the defence of our rights and in insisting upon the Governments of the provinces and the Government of the Dominion doing everything that is possible for the development and success of the Dominion.

No man in this country dare lift his voice to say that such a condition does not now exist, without forever being forbidden to speak in public to the people again. This country is absolutely unanimous with regard to Canada. Its patriotism is unexcelled by the patriotism of any land upon which the sun shines, and in this happy condition let us remain, undisturbed by sectarian cries or racial crusades.

a lot of friends from whom, on the head of old-time friendship, he can borrow \$5 when hard up, or who will lend their influence to get him a position. This is a convenient pull to have, but so far as actual knowledge is concerned it is, after all, the education that a man gets in adult years that is the most important. Any reflective, studious man who will devote a portion of his leisure to study, can easily beat the average college graduate at his own game, because his efforts will be better directed and he will follow his natural bent instead of being crammed with a lot of largely useless material and hoary fables. University training frequently induces a morbid self-consciousness, begotten of an undue deference to style and form, which makes a man so sensitive to adverse criticism that he is afraid to himself. The training of a university tends to repress all individuality. The great difficulty with so many who set up as popular instructors is that they do not dare to think for themselves, but tamely accept all the time-honored ideals, thresh over the old chaff and limit their utterances strictly in accordance with tradition. College training tends to accentuate this tendency—graduates don't learn to think, but to repeat the thoughts of dead men—the longer they have been dead the better. The system of educating youths in slavish deference to "authorities" is destructive of all originality and true self-development. It makes men parrots and prigs. If anyone doubts this, just notice the depressing unanimity of opinion among college men on any really vital question; I don't mean mere temporary or political issues, but any question which goes to the root of things. This consensus of opinion is not natural—wouldn't exist if they had been taught to think. But they haven't; they have simply been compressed into the same intellectual mould. University education has spoiled many a bright and brainy youth. Just fancy what the world would have lost if Burns, Walt Whitman and Henry George had been college students of honor.

The first entertainment of the Bathurst League of School Art takes place next Tuesday evening, at McBean's Hall, corner of College street and Brunswick avenue. In addition to a musical programme Mrs. Dignam will lecture on Ancient Dutch Art, and Mrs. Jean Blewett will also be present.

True sports were the members of Wednesday's wedding party, and they followed the hounds at the meet on Tuesday. By the way, that was a rather serious accident which has laid up Mr. Adamson, brother of the groom, with several fractured bones, the result of a fall in the hunting field. On Friday evening the ante-nuptial dinner which honors the bridesmaids was given by Mrs. Cawthra in Beverley street. A bridesmaid from St. Louis, another from Hamilton and two from Toronto were the fair guests of honor.

A very charming reception was that given last week by Mrs. R. J. Lovell in her dainty new home in St. George street. From three until seven the bride received the hearty good wishes of her many friends. Miss Hilda Davis received with Mrs. Lovell in the drawing-room, and the graceful sisters looked well in handsome gowns, Mrs. Lovell's a rich pink brocade and Miss Davis's a becoming yellow satin. The serving in the tea-room was deftly managed by a quartette of very pretty girls. Miss Fanny Taylor wore a frock of blue taffeta; Miss Annie Richardson, pale blue *moire velour*; little Misses Edith Stewart and Edna Meredith had on poppy red and pink muslins. The tea-room was decorated in yellow, the candles, ribbons, and huge chrysanthemums all being the same bright tint. In future Mrs. Lovell will receive on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope have returned to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers have returned from a short visit in Port Huron. Miss Daisy Monahan is suffering from typhoid fever. Mrs. Monahan will remain abroad this winter.

Mrs. George A. Peters held her first post-nuptial reception last Tuesday at her beautiful home in College street. The bride wore a quiet gown of hunter's green, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. James D. Thorburn. Miss Thorburn presided at the tea-table in the dining-room, and Mrs. Willie Gwynne poured tea. The table was pretty with pink carnations and ferns and an exquisitely embroidered center-piece, and all sorts of dainties were served by the ladies in charge of it. Mrs. Peters also received on Wednesday and a vast number of callers paid their devotions to the wife of the clever and popular medico, Dr. Peters.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt have removed to their fine new residence in Sherbourne street, but Mrs. Pellatt is not yet ready to receive on the neighborhood day. Mr. and Mrs. James Tower Boyd are residing in the house lately occupied by Major Pellatt.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks sailed this week for England, and the hospitable Grange will be closed to visitors this winter. Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill are at Bonnie Castle for the winter. Captain and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick are at 4 Grange road. Mrs. Forester has been visiting Madame Duchesney in Quebec. Miss Agnes Dunlop is expected on a visit to Toronto friends. By the way, Hamilton yachtsmen are to give a very smart ball on December 1, to and from which a special train will carry Toronto guests. The new hotel is to be the scene of this pleasant event.

We know now that the Canadian Contingent have safely covered 3,447 miles of the long journey to South Africa. The news that the steamship Sardinian had touched at Cape Verde came like a message from our soldier laddies, and when next we hear of them it will be from Cape Town, which is said to be 7,015 miles from Quebec. Interest will then grow more intense, and news, which is bound to be good and brave, will be anxiously awaited day by day.

The Times of October 27 gives a detailed account of the battle of Elandslaagte, and Torontonians will be proud to hear that the company of Devonshires, which captured the Boer guns, was commanded by Captain Morris, who is a son of Mr. Edmund Morris, inspector of the Ontario Bank here.

The hunters are returning from the wilds up north, and venison dinners will soon be the latest pleasure to a holiday which many a busy man looks forward to from one year to another.

The Bank of Montreal here has two of its staff away enjoying honeymoons—Messrs. Laidlaw and Sewell are the fortunate men.

The Toronto Athletic Club in College street is to meet a fate undreamed of in the opening years of its existence, when club dinners, concerts and dances were in all their glory. The place—lock, stock and barrel—is to go under the auctioneer's hammer on December 5—a sad fate for anything so young and beautiful.

On next Thursday evening Miss Violet Gooderham, Miss Janes, Miss Temple Dixon and Dr. T. B. Richardson will present an interesting programme at St. Peter's schoolhouse in Bleecker street. The concert proceeds are to be devoted to the incidental expense fund of the parish work and charities outside the direct church expenses. This concert occurs on the same evening as Mrs. Bain's dance, which is, fortunately, near enough to enable the friends of the above enumerated artists to enjoy both events, as the concert programme is not to be long.

The Canadian Club has been active again. They have erected tablets at three historical places in Toronto, the Old Fort, St. John's square burying-ground, and the Old Parliament Buildings. The inscriptions give a short concise history of each place. The other places soon to be marked similarly are: The Palace of the first Anglican Bishop of Toronto, and the sites of the second Toronto Court House and Jail, the first Legislative Building, of the Province of Upper Canada, and Castle Frank.

Hardly a week passes but some well known Toronto people go to Shea's Theater for the first time. The first visit is usually made somewhat in the capacity of Mrs. McFadyan, the sermon-taster. All are charmed with the dainty beauty of the decorations, and a good class of patronage is assured, as the entertainment provided is kept up to the standard of Toronto taste, which is not exactly like that of other cities.

Mrs. Harcourt of 113 St. George street gives an afternoon reception next Wednesday, from 4.30 to 7. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra gave a dinner in honor of their guest, Mr. Taylor of Ottawa, who came down to be best man at the Adamson-Cawthra wedding on Wednesday.

Next week we shall dance. The *Poudre* on the 21st, Trinity on the 22nd and the Argonaut ball on the 24th, with a couple of house dances for the off nights, will send many a pretty girl sleepy to bed and late to rise, and enlarge the cranium of many a society boy.

Mrs. L. McKellar, of 61 Wellesley street, receives on the third and fourth Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Edwin Thomas has gone south for a visit of some weeks. Mrs. Bain of Wellesley street gives a dance next Thursday evening.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Janes gave a dinner to the bridal party which attended Miss Cawthra and Mr. Agar Adamson at their marriage on Wednesday afternoon. It was quite a brilliant affair, worthy of the traditions of the beautiful home in which the happy couple had been reared. Besides the wedding party were the following among other guests: Mr. and Mrs. W. Herbert Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Fiske and Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. J. G. and Miss Lella Macdonald, Captain and the Misses Kingsmill, Miss Violet Langmuir, Miss Patterson, Miss Lella Mackay, Miss Constance Beardmore, Miss Helen Macdonald, Messrs. C. McInnes, Scott Griffin, Mr. Osborne, G. Heward, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson of St. Louis, who are visiting Mrs. Janes.

THE NEWSPAPER CLUB

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Is a University Training Advantageous Outside of the Professions?

I beg to propose a plan for a farmers' university. For two hundred dollars, less than one year's board for a student in Toronto, a farmer could buy a hundred or more good books, including an encyclopaedia. For twenty dollars a year, which I fancy would not go very far in students' fees, he could obtain a fine collection of agricultural journals. There you have a school, college and university for the whole family. And what a family—brought up on fresh air, intelligent work and solid reading; the physical eye ranging freely over miles of country, the mind's eye ranging over a landscape even wider and more alluring. No loneliness, no weariness on wet days. A community with opinions of its own, not to be deceived or scared by any fakir or demagogue. And as for a foreign enemy attacking such a country—for we are all military in these days—I should be disposed to apply Von Moltke's answer to the fellow who asked him if he could get an invading army into England. "Easily," replied the grim old man, "but the trouble would be to get it out again." The plan would require some previous training, and that brings me to the point that one main object of school education is to teach children to read. I mean not merely to spell out and pronounce the words, but to take in the full meaning of the printed page, to know what is best to read and where to find it. Remember that for nine children out of ten, after fifteen years of age there will be scarcely any training but books and the battle of life, and see that they are prepared for matriculation in that university. One very simple and very useful thing that might be done is to train children in the use of an encyclopaedia, to get them into the "encyclopedia habit," to see that there is a good one, if not in every home, in every village and every ward of the city. I am not agent for any encyclopaedia at ten cents a day, but it seems to me I have heard of such a thing.

The general advantages of a college education have been vastly overrated and its positively detrimental effects ignored. The main practical utility of a college course in after life is not the actual knowledge acquired—which, as a rule, is soon forgotten—or the habits of thought engendered—which are usually of the wrong kind—but the personal associations formed. The student makes

Phillips Thompson thinks not.

Social and Personal.

WHITE and silver wedding was Miss Mabel Cawthra's, and never have more picturesque and elegant toilettes been worn than decked the bride and her four maidens of Wednesday. A lowering sky kindly refrained from sending showers upon the bridal party, and everything was so perfectly arranged that the affair passed off with much grace and dignity. A small party (considering the extensive connection and visiting list of the bride and her mother) were invited to witness the wedding and attend the reception afterwards, but Toronto, to a woman, turned out, and, admitted by ticket, thronged the band-some old church of St. George in John street. At three o'clock the groom, Mr. Agar Adamson, and his best man, Mr. Fennings Taylor of Ottawa, took their places, and the bride's procession came up the aisle to the singing of the choir. In beautiful order Miss Cawthra was given away by her only brother, Mr. W. Herbert Cawthra. She wore a lovely robe of Limerick lace over a gown of chiffon, and a train of cloth of silver hung from her shoulders and was borne by two sweet little pages in white satin court dresses. A bridal veil and coronet of orange blossoms was also worn by the bride. Her bridesmaids were Miss Helen Beardmore of Chudleigh, Miss Marion Lindsay of St. Louis, Miss Louise James of Toronto, and Miss Maude Hendrie of the Holmestead, Hamilton. They were gowned in white Brussels net over satin, strewed with silver sequins, and wore court veils and feathers. The bouquets were of rosebuds and violets in the quaint, round shape *à la mode* in our grandmother's time. The ushers wore *boutonnieres* to match them. The bride carried a church service in place of the usual bouquet. The rector, Rev. Canon Cayley, was the officiating minister, and the music was very fine; in addition to the full choral service, Miss Margaret Huston sang very sweetly an Ave Maria and the Swan Song from Lohengrin. The exceedingly smart party of guests were ushered to their seats by Mr. Charles McInnis, Mr. G. Heward, Mr. H. C. Osborne of Clover Hill, and Mr. Percy Manning. The church was very lovely with white 'mums and handsome palms, and the throng of eager sight-seers enjoyed glimpses of a very beautiful and artistic event as the bridal group, with soft filmy laces and shimmer of silver, stood amid the towering palms and snowy blooms in the mellow light while the marriage ceremony proceeded. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests were driven to the home of the bride's mother, and in a bower of green and many beautiful flowers the young couple received the congratulations of their friends, after which the *dejeuner* was sumptuously served. As might be imagined where wealth, taste and affection had no limit, the gifts were very elegant, and Mrs. Adamson's *cadeaux des noces* have rarely been equalled hereabouts. The departure of the bride and groom was made about five o'clock, and they took the train for the South. The wedding journey will be a novel one, including an equestrian tour in Mexico, and sure to be enjoyed by a couple so fond of horses and open-air exercise as are Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson. The bride's going-away gown was of gray cloth, with *toque* of velvet trimmed with mink. The groom gave the bride a fine set of amethysts and the bridesmaids sporty little jeweled silver hunting-pins, and the bride presented her maid with her picture in silver photo frames, and her ushers with cigarette cases of the modish gun-

metal. Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson will make their home in Ottawa.

Mr. R. M. Simpson of 16 Glen road, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescent.

Mrs. James B. Campbell (*nee* Bugg) will hold her first reception since her marriage on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22 and 23, and afterwards on the first and second Tuesdays of the month at 59 Grenville street.

The first entertainment of the Bathurst League of School Art takes place next Tuesday evening, at McBean's Hall, corner of College street and Brunswick avenue. In addition to a musical programme Mrs. Dignam will lecture on Ancient Dutch Art, and Mrs. Jean Blewett will also be present.

True sports were the members of Wednesday's wedding party, and they followed the hounds at the meet on Tuesday. By the way, that was a rather serious accident which has laid up Mr. Adamson, brother of the groom, with several fractured bones, the result of a fall in the hunting field. On Friday evening the ante-nuptial dinner which honors the bridesmaids was given by Mrs. Cawthra in Beverley street. A bridesmaid from St. Louis, another from Hamilton and two from Toronto were the fair guests of honor.

A very charming reception was that given last week by Mrs. R. J. Lovell in her dainty new home in St. George street. From three until seven the bride received the hearty good wishes of her many friends. Miss Hilda Davis received with Mrs. Lovell in the drawing-room, and the graceful sisters looked well in handsome gowns, Mrs. Lovell's a rich pink brocade and Miss Davis's a becoming yellow satin. The serving in the tea-room was deftly managed by a quartette of very pretty girls. Miss Fanny Taylor wore a frock of blue taffeta; Miss Annie Richardson, pale blue *moire velour*; little Misses Edith Stewart and Edna Meredith had on poppy red and pink muslins. The tea-room was decorated in yellow, the candles, ribbons, and huge chrysanthemums all being the same bright tint. In future Mrs. Lovell will receive on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope have returned to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers have returned from a short visit in Port Huron. Miss Daisy Monahan is suffering from typhoid fever. Mrs. Monahan will remain abroad this winter.

Mrs. George A. Peters held her first post-nuptial reception last Tuesday at her beautiful home in College street. The bride wore a quiet gown of hunter's green, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. James D. Thorburn. Miss Thorburn presided at the tea-table in the dining-room, and Mrs. Willie Gwynne poured tea. The table was pretty with pink carnations and ferns and an exquisitely embroidered center-piece, and all sorts of dainties were served by the ladies in charge of it. Mrs. Peters also received on Wednesday and a vast number of callers paid their devotions to the wife of the clever and popular medico, Dr. Peters.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt have removed to their fine new residence in Sherbourne street, but Mrs. Pellatt is not yet ready to receive on the neighborhood day. Mr. and Mrs. James Tower Boyd are residing in the house lately occupied by Major Pellatt.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks sailed this week for England, and the hospitable Grange will be closed to visitors this winter. Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill are at Bonnie Castle for the winter. Captain and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick are at 4 Grange road. Mrs. Forester has been visiting Madame Duchesney in Quebec. Miss Agnes Dunlop is expected on a visit to Toronto friends. By the way, Hamilton yachtsmen are to give a very smart ball on December 1, to and from which a special train will carry Toronto guests. The new hotel is to be the scene of this pleasant event.

We know now that the Canadian Contingent have safely covered 3,447 miles of the long journey to South Africa. The news that the steamship Sardinian had touched at Cape Verde came like a message from our soldier laddies, and when next we hear of them it will be from Cape Town, which is said to be 7,015 miles from Quebec. Interest will then grow more intense, and news, which is bound to be good and brave, will be anxiously awaited day by day.

The hunters are returning from the wilds up north, and venison dinners will soon be the latest pleasure to a holiday which many a busy man looks forward to from one year to another.

The Bank of Montreal here has two of its staff away enjoying honeymoons—Messrs. Laidlaw and Sewell are the fortunate men.

The Toronto Athletic Club in College street is to meet a fate undreamed of in the opening years of its existence, when club dinners, concerts and dances were in all their glory. The place—lock, stock and barrel—is to go under the auctioneer's hammer on December 5—a sad fate for anything so young and beautiful.

On next Thursday evening Miss Violet Gooderham, Miss Janes, Miss Temple Dixon and Dr. T. B. Richardson will present an interesting programme at St. Peter's schoolhouse in Bleecker street. The concert proceeds are to be devoted to the incidental expense fund of the parish work and charities outside the direct church expenses. This concert occurs on the same evening as Mrs. Bain's dance, which is, fortunately, near enough to enable the friends of the above enumerated artists to enjoy both events, as the concert programme is not to be long.

The Canadian Club has been active again. They have erected tablets at three historical

A Dog of the Regiment.

BY L. J. BATES.

It's a pattern of discipline, that's a fact, Tommy. It's discipline that makes the value of a man or a beast. How do a few companies of Uncle Sam's soldiers hold all this country against whole tribes of Indians? Discipline does it, my boy. If my men would only take drill like your dog, I'd make Company F the best soldiers in the world. But they won't—they won't. Your pup is worth a year's pay, if only for an example to the regiment of perfect discipline. And you've only been six months drilling him from a raw recruit. It's simply wonderful!"

Two army wagons, one laden with provisions, the other with ammunition, guarded by a dozen infantrymen, with two teamsters and a scout, under command of Second Lieutenant Wormley, had halted and formed camp for the night upon the top of a low tongue of bluffs overlooking the great Platte River valley. The time was a November afternoon in 1867, the year when the Cheyennes and the affiliated Sioux attempted to stop the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and spread murder and pillage over a wide region.

Each wagon was drawn by six mules. These, with the mustangs of the lieutenant and waggonmaster, were picketed to a rope a little distance away, but the mustang of the scout was tied to a wheel inside the fence of the wagons. The wagons were arranged end to end across the narrow neck of the projecting ridge, forming a barrier against a charge on that side of the camp.

In front and on both flanks the ground pitched sharply down to the prairie of the river bottom. At the base of the ridge was a small spring of clear water. The soldiers had already lighted three or four fires of brush and buffalo chips, about which they were heating their coffee.

Drill Sergeant Becker had been strolling over the camp, looking to its proper disposition. Things never were and never could be precisely right, in his opinion, so long as soldiers are soldiers; but having arranged things as near perfection according to the army rules as he could, he was seated upon a wagon-tongue, listening to his favorite, Tommy Brattie, aged fifteen years, son of the waggonmaster.

Tommy had been boasting of the merits of his dog, Moro, tall Maltese blue greyhound, that looked, as he gambolled about them, a perfect canine athlete, strong as a bulldog, lithe as a cat. Tommy had taught his dog many useful accomplishments. He was trained to hate and avoid Indians, to go home to the fort from any distance, besides various tricks. While they talked the scout came to them, grumbling.

"I don't like this camp," he said to the sergeant. "We ought to have pushed for the river. It's only a mile and a half away. We ought to have camped on an island, under timber. But the lieutenant won't hear advice."

"What's the matter with this camp?" answered the sergeant. "I call it as pretty a position as a soldier need wish for—a ridge with a narrow neck in the rear covered by these wagons, a steep pitch in front and on both flanks, a level prairie all around, in which even a jack-rabbit can't hide, and a spring close by. Here we can stand off all the Indians in the Platte Valley. Besides, you reported that there isn't a sign of an Indian within twenty miles."

"Not that I can see. But if there is an Indian within twenty miles he knows where we are. Every one of these fires is sending up a smoke-signal."

"Smoke?" said the sergeant. "Why, there isn't smoke enough to see: they're as clear fires as ever burned."

"So you think. But they make smoke enough for an Indian to read twenty miles away. Soldiers can't make clear fires. It's growing dusk, and soon every fire will show its glow in the sky. We ought to have camped on an island in the river, where trees and bushes would hide the camp, keep down the smoke, and shade the glow from the sky. There we could make a little fort with the wagons, brush, logs and sand, to shelter the teams, and scatter the men about the edge in rifle-pits, behind willows, logs and trees, with open water in front that no Indian could cross. Those mules ought to be brought inside the wagons."

"Maybe that," acknowledged the sergeant.

"They're right in line of our fire. By daylight we could stand off a big Indian force, but a charge in the dark will carry off every blessed mule. And a long fire from the hills and prairie will drop here mighty unpleasant. The Indians will have the hill for a big center and mark to shoot at, while we will have the whole country to waste our fire on. No good scout would recommend this camp, if it is what you soldiers call a strong position. Soldiers never will learn the ways of Indian fighting, nohow!"

He went off grumbling, but only succeeded in having the sentries cautioned to keep a bright lookout with both eyes and ears.

The day had been fair for late November, but night came on dark and gusty. The sentries could not see a dozen yards, or distinguish sounds amid the rushes of the wind along the withered herbage of the bluffs and prairie.

About two o'clock in the morning there was a sudden violent downpour of rain and hail. In the midst of this dark and gusty squall the camp was charged by a large body of Indians, whose horses were unheard until they burst upon the picket-line. All the mules and mustangs were swept away. A mob of wild warriors rushed yelling up to the wagon-line, where their rearing mustangs were checked by the unexpected obstruction.

A score or more swept around each flank

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Lieutenant Wormley called the unwounded men into the angle of their fort, where, nursing his hurt pride and wounded arm, he stated their situation clearly, that the men might know the worse. To spare even one unwounded man would seriously weaken his force. But one must go to the distant fort for succor as soon as darkness would cover his movements. He would have to go on foot, as their last horse was gone. The snow would reveal his track. It was a forlorn hope. Would any one of them volunteer?

He was answered by silence. Then he produced a tin cup, into which he put four beans, three white, one red. He shook the cup and had them draw lots. The red bean fell to the youngest man. He eyed the fatal token in his palm near half a minute. Then he sighed heavily, drew himself up, saluted, and said, quietly: "It's certain death, but I'll be ready, sir."

Tommy interfered. He had been watching out of a loophole in the angle.

"If it's a messenger to the fort you want," he said, "I can send Moro. He's trained to go to the fort from any distance when I order him. He'll do it in two hours. No Indian can stop him or hit him running. Tie your despatch to his collar, and he can start now—no need to wait till dark—and you can see how he'll go through those reds, flying, sir!"

The lieutenant's face brightened. He did not trust himself to speak, but reached out his unwounded arm and shook Tommy's hand heartily.

In five minutes a despatch was prepared, wrapped from wet in a bit cut from a rubber blanket, and tied securely to Moro's collar. During this operation the dog looked in Tommy's face, whining interrogatively. He seemed to understand that some great service was about to be required of him. When all was ready, Tommy raised a finger, pointing interrogatively over the valley.

"Moro, go home! Go to the fort! Go!" The dog leaped the low wall and bounded easily down the slope and out upon the prairie. At first the Indians paid no attention to him. But as he sped away over the bottom they suddenly became aware that he was a messenger.

Bullets hailed about him, sending up sprays of snow. At the first of these Moro broke into full speed. Several Indians mounted in haste, and rode to head him off. They might as well have tried to head off a streak of lightning, or have shot at a drifting shadow.

The lieutenant watched Moro through his glass until he disappeared, a blue speck in the distance, still going at that prodigious, steady velocity that no living thing except a thoroughbred greyhound can equal. Then he turned to the men and cried cheerfully:

"Boys, we've got 'em this time! We'll have a relief from the fort before daylight to-morrow morning!"

He shook hands again with Tommy, and the men cheered, even the wounded. Their sullen courage brightened into brave hope. Several who had been reckless in desperate exposure suddenly grew careful of themselves, and all worked eagerly still further bettering their defences.

Aware now that their chance was passing, the Indians pressed their attack. Twice before midnight, they tried a determined rush, but were driven back.

The garrison, closely covered, cared little for Indian charges or a close and level fire. It was only the distant balls, shot at the sky, that could plunge downward into their shelters, and even this they were now pretty well guarded against.

About midnight the Indians suddenly disappeared. Soon afterward a strong detachment of cavalry galloped up, sending before them a bugle blast that was gladly answered. Moro had made his thirty miles inside of two hours, and a relief force was instantly sent out.

Moro became the pet of the regiment and the special pride of Company F. So long as he lived he wore a silver plate on his collar engraved with the legend: "Moro, Co. F, Ninth U.S.L."

Tommy graduated from the army trains into the mines; from mining to founding a city, of which he was the first mayor and is the wealthiest citizen. As Sergeant Becker always maintained, "Discipline did it."—*Youth's Companion*.

Trying Experience.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Suffered for Fifteen Years.

CONSULTED FOUR DOCTORS, BUT THE ONLY RELIEF THEY GAVE HIM WAS THROUGH INJECTIONS OF MORPHINE.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Truro, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright of Alton, Cochester county, N.S., is now one of the hardest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a *News* reporter, Mr. Wright said: "I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bedridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

"During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from

the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvelous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful."

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cherubic face of the young Chicagoan. Miss Elsie French made a hit in her baby costume of white muslin over red, with a dainty hat to match. After dinner the young folks played baby games, and later danced to the music of a Hungarian orchestra.

Frank—Blanche pinned a tiny flatiron on my coat last night. Dick—Do you know what that means? Frank—No.

Dick—Why, she wants you to press your suit.—*Chicago News*.

"I want to see Mrs. Smythe," said the visitor. "You can't," said the servant; "she has the toothache." "You must be mistaken," the man replied; "I am her dentist, and I have her teeth here in this package."—*Ex.*

"You are half an hour late at our appointment, Mr. Thompsons." "Yes; I stopped to get my luncheon." "Well, be kind enough to sit down and wait while I go out and get mine."—*Chicago Record*.

Opician—I've been swindled with a counterfeit twenty-dollar bank-note. Great detective—Go home and say nothing. Your business will be ruined if it becomes known that you can't see better than that.—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

Twitter—I hear you had a sneak thief at your house last night. Did a pretty fair job, didn't he? Trotter—Well, yes. In fact, he left nothing to be desired.—*Town Topics*.

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed as one vast plain? Voice (in the audience)—The one that works in a powder-mill.—*Life*.

"Marriage," said the proverb-quoter, "is a lottery." "Yes," answered the Sultan of Sulu as he sadly waved his hand toward the harem; "and there's a bunch of blanks."—*Washington Star*.

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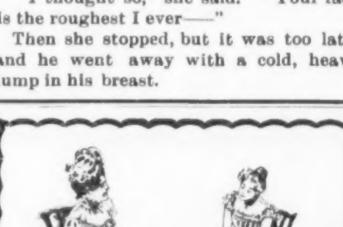
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MR. MELVILLE SALISBURY BARRINGTON of Virginia.

MR. WILLIAM NOTT, friend of Mr. Goddard.

Mrs. MARIAN GODDARD, daughter of Mr. Goddard.

BERTHA, a maid.

A POLICEMAN.

POPULACE.

SCENE I.

MT. DESERT, CLOSE OF SUMMER OF '98.

MISS GODDARD (*softly*)—Are you sure you will not forget me?

MR. BARRINGTON (*fervently*)—I only wish I were as sure of your remembering me.

MISS GODDARD—Prove it by coming to see me next winter. Besides I want you to meet Papa. Too bad he had to leave before you came.

MR. BARRINGTON—New Haven is a long way from Virginia, and I can't often get a vacation like this; but all the same I shall surely come.

SCENE II.

NEW HAVEN—HOUSE OF MR. GODDARD—THREE MONTHS LATER.

MR. GODDARD (*gazing irately from window*)—A young man with a huge bag coming into the yard! Another one of those odious book agents! That's the third to day! (*After listening intently*). There, Bertha's letting him in. I told her not to allow another one to set foot inside the house.

(Enter Bertha).

BERTHA—A gentleman to see Miss Goddard.

MR. GODDARD (*fiercely, without glancing at the card which Bertha holds*)—I shall see him myself. They always ask for the lady of the house. Think they can impose on them more easily. (*Mr. Goddard rushes downstairs. Discoveres Mr. Barrington seated in the reception room. He is surrounded by pictures which Miss Goddard has that morning taken down to rehang, and which are ranged around the floor.*)

MR. GODDARD (*gazing furiously about*)—No; I don't want any pictures. It was useless for you to unpack them. I never buy of any but reputable dealers. (*Gazing at the pictures with a dim sense of having seen them before*). Besides, these are imitations of fine pictures which I already have.

MR. BARRINGTON (*gasping*)—I assure you—I don't let me explain.

MR. GODDARD—Oh, I know what you want to say. You don't wish me to buy—just to see them. I won't look at them. I heartily despise the system of going from house to house forcing goods on helpless people. It's an outrage, an—

MR. BARRINGTON—It's a mistake, I am—

MR. GODDARD—*(this rage increasing)*—I know what you are; an unmitigated nuisance! Here, sir, take your pictures! (*Forces them into the arms of the feebly resisting Barrington*) No; you can't leave them on approval. I've been cheated that way before! (*While speaking, he adds the remaining pictures to the heap in Barrington's arms, and pushes him, still protesting incoherently, to the outer door*.)

SCENE III.

THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE GODDARDS' HOUSE.

MR. BARRINGTON—*(his arms full of pictures and a dazed look on his face)*—By Jove! a lively reception for a fellow who comes from Virginia to call on a girl! Wants me to "meet Papa," does she. Can't say I'm so eager myself. He seems a trifle too excited for my taste. Nice situation; in a strange city with my arms full of another man's pictures. Why, I may be taken up for highway robbery at any moment. What the deuce shall I do with these things? I dare not face that old dragon again. (*Looks at the house doubtfully*) Oh, I've got it! If I can elude "Papa's" vigilance long enough to sneak up on that porch, I'll leave them there. Somebody in the house is sure to find them. (*He creeps stealthily along the fence in a crouching attitude, and in his absorbed watch of the house fails to observe the approaching figure of Mr. William Nott, till that gentleman seizes him by the collar*.)

MR. NOTT—I've caught you, you sneak thief! What you got there? Pictures! Goddard's, too! I recognize them. (*Shakes him fiercely*.)

MR. BARRINGTON—*(somewhat handicapped by his load of pictures, to which he still clings desperately)*—Let me go, fool! I've been calling on Mr. Goddard.

MR. NOTT—*(desirously)*—Calling! you look like it. I suppose he gave you those pictures as a souvenir of your visit. We'll see what Goddard has to say about it.

MR. BARRINGTON—*(with signs of abject fear)*—No! No! Mr. Goddard wouldn't understand. He thinks I am a picture-dealer.

MR. NOTT—Picture-dealer! I thought you said you were a caller.

MR. BARRINGTON—I was, er—at least I meant to be. Oh, let me explain.

MR. NOTT—You can explain at the police court.

(*Mr. Barrington, hampered by his desire to preserve the Goddards' property from injury, struggles ineffectually to free himself, amid the jeers of the populace, which has begun to assemble, and which, by a remarkable chance, includes the Law*.)

MR. NOTT—Here, officer, this man's been stealing pictures from this house.

(*Officer seizes Barrington and drags him, in spite of his frenzied struggles, into the house*.)

SCENE IV.

MR. GODDARD'S LIBRARY.

(*Enter Miss Goddard. Discovers Barrington's card on table*)

MISS GODDARD—*(Mr. Melville Salisbury Barrington)*—He here! When did he come! Where is he?

MR. GODDARD—I don't know anything about it. There's been no one here but a

picture agent. I kicked him out of the house.

(*Door bell rings violently. Excited voices are heard in the hall. Mr. and Miss Goddard hasten into hall. They meet Mr. Nott and the policeman. Between them is Barrington, hatless, his coat torn, pictures of all sizes grasped firmly in his arms*.)

MISS GODDARD—*(Mr. Barrington)*—

MR. GODDARD—*(You infernal—)*

MR. NOTT—I caught him just making off with—

MISS GODDARD—*(Mr. Barrington)*—What has happened? Why, these are my pictures!

MR. GODDARD—*(Yours!)*

MR. BARRINGTON—*(Let me explain. I came from Virginia to call on you, Miss Goddard. I was ushered into a room with a number of pictures leaning against the wall. This gentleman (indicating Mr. Goddard) entered, mistook me for a picture agent and turned me out with these pictures, which he thought mine. This gentleman (glancing towards Mr. Nott) found me outside, mistook me for a thief and had me arrested.)*

MISS GODDARD—*(How funny! How dreadful! How can we ever apologize to you? Come, in both of you. But first, Mr. Barrington, let me introduce you to Curtain. Vogue.*

SCENE I.

MT. DESERT, CLOSE OF SUMMER OF '98.

MISS GODDARD—*(Are you sure you will not forget me?)*

MR. BARRINGTON—*(I only wish I were as sure of your remembering me.)*

MISS GODDARD—*(Prove it by coming to see me next winter. Besides I want you to meet Papa. Too bad he had to leave before you came.)*

SCENE II.

NEW HAVEN—HOUSE OF MR. GODDARD—THREE MONTHS LATER.

MR. GODDARD (*gazing irately from window*)—A young man with a huge bag coming into the yard! Another one of those odious book agents! That's the third to day! (*After listening intently*). There, Bertha's letting him in. I told her not to allow another one to set foot inside the house.

(Enter Bertha).

BERTHA—*(A gentleman to see Miss Goddard.)*

MR. GODDARD—*(fiercely)*

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NEW HAVEN—HOUSE OF MR. GODDARD—THREE MONTHS LATER.

"Acrost the Contint."

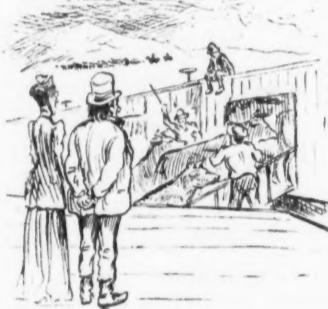
Special Correspondence of Mr. Caleb Jinkins of Jinkins Corners, Ont.



X.

ROSSLAND NOV 7
to the editor of the *Saturday Nite* newspaper

DEAR SIR:
I am settin down at presint to sen you these few lines rite in the mist of the gold Kentry thay call the Kootnay ware sum lucky felers gitin big fortuns outen the groun and a lot of other felers that haint quite so lucky is diggin it out for em on daley wags. things round hear is goin ached with a rush thay dont no nothin about down to jinkins Corders and ontario ginerlly.



but i gess ile perseed to fetch things up to date es you mite say frum ware i left of in my las later. i tolle you bout how the catel business is gitin along at medsin hat. Thase a feler thare which cum frum toronto yrs ago & now he is Guymint inspektor of catel, and inspektor of lisences as wel. es i tolle him jes in a joke i sposse he inspeks the catel with speshil refrince to the horns. Thay wus shippin stears the day we was thare so we wus took to see em do it. We clumb up sum steps to the roof of a shed we cood git a good look at the yard & injide it too the misses Snodgrass was scart the critters wood git up thare and eat her. We seen the cow boys bringin em in crost the commons in a big bunch and thay dun it slick i kin tel you. thay druv em al in a big pen, then thade Pat sum of make em go up a em along with a box car on the hull trane route 't unsan an them beefs was goin to calgary. thay wus sold to a Irishman name of Paddy Burns. he dus the butcherin for the hull of brittish Columby & he got things fixt soz nobuddy elts kin sell mee in the Kootnay & the con-sekinse is he has growed to be a milianre tho he haint educated like i be & reely dont no how to spel with a sent. this shows it haint felers that gose to collige that gits there so fur es munny is consernd.



ime moren ever took up with them dockbors sense i seen sum of em standin near a ralerode stashin es we cum along. they was jes tawkin wen long cums one of thare frens and wen he cum up he rased his hat most polite & thay all dun same thong and bowed, thats the custim of thare kentry i sposse, but it look good and made me hev a better ippinyon of em than ever.

Wen we left medsin hat we cum on the crow nest ralerode to lethbridge and Mc cloud by this time we had most forgot bout the winter wether we cum thro at Brodview and along thare, it was summer agin & as pleasant es you please. But wot vext misses snodgrasses mind was how felers that lived in sech a luvly kentry he got to do so much swarin. It is jes a cawshin to snakes that them felers dus cuss and sware. It growd so at last that the ole lady coedent stan no longer and she gin em a piece of her mind. We was cummin in the tavern on Sunday & thay wus a lot of felers settin round tawkin and usin bad langwiche as usul. i never hev wuss cussin so es we wus passs by fast thing i node she stopt rite in among em. They was all spised at her cummin and all iee was rivited on to her es you mite say, and i kin tell you she went for em good takin em in a



sarastikel stile. She ses pore felers, i didnt sposse you was so destute of respectibel langwiche & wen i go back east

ime agoin to see if the church fokes cant start a noo mischnery laber for you. Weel git up a soiety to ast the chartibel peepel to gin thare cast off decent langwiche to send out hear for you. I dont sposse she ses, any of you wood make a habit of usin sech disgustin and wicked tawk if it wusnt that you wus so short of words, and its too bad, she ses, you shood sufer this way and make everbuddy that lisens to you sufer wen these hull stacks of clean and decent expresshins goin to waste in our part of the kentry. Ime reel glad, she ses, i thot of this idee and you kin depend i wunt fergit you wen i go back home. Pore felers i pity you in yure presint povity and want, you must hev a nasty taste in yure mouths al the wile. Then she made em a bow & waukt out. You never seen sech a passel of cheep lookin felers and i notice they diddnt do so much swarin for a wile, tho they was feelin blue and in a bad uner at the time cus the bar was closed on account of noo orders frum the mountid polese & they was feeful thirsty. Drinkin and swarin is mungst the cheef industrys out this life, tho you cant git a drink fer lessan 15 cents 2 for a quarter.



Wen you git past McCloud you git into the mountins & you soon cum to the cole kentry yuve here tell of. the rale rode climes up hills and twists and turns every way, but it gits to Fernie all the same, which is a neet and tidy town with lecktrick lites, water works & so 4th, tho it haint haun a year or so old. The cole mines is bout 5 miles away, but they hav a hull lot of big ovens ware they burn coke & sply to the smelters for smelting ore. Frum this pint rite along to Kootnay landin the scenery is jes grand, mountins and rivers and all like of that. it made me jes feel like settin

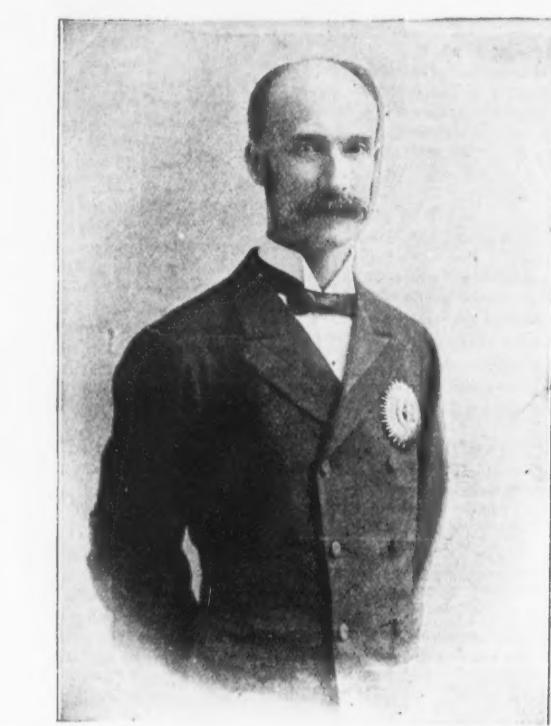
arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at ten o'clock in the morning. "It's pretty early," he said; "but it'll have to be at that time so we can catch the ten-thirty train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the domine's and have it over within five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and give it out that I'm going up to Denver on business; and I can telephone early for an expressman to call for your trunk. We can send back announcement cards from Denver and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

The details were accordingly very craftly arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at ten o'clock in the morning. "It's pretty early," he said; "but it'll have to be at that time so we can catch the ten-thirty train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the domine's and have it over within five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and give it out that I'm going up to Denver on business; and I can telephone early for an expressman to call for your trunk. We can send back announcement cards from Denver and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

But of course the plan of the ingenious Clark got out. This was an inevitable as the rising of the morning sun. It got out, though to this day no man knoweth exactly how it got out. But Clark has always sagaciously suspected the Hereditary Enemy of Lovers—the girl's small brother.

The night before the day set for the clandestine marriage, one or two hundred of Clark's friends held a secret meeting down-town in a hall. Mabel's husband presided. Most of those present had the advantage of that exuberance which goes with youth or early life, and they had all long breathed the exhilarating mountain atmosphere of Colorado. Nothing was forgotten.

The next morning, when Clark, after a hasty toilet, glanced out of the window, he observed two soundlessly looking men wearing pasty clothes, who were posting bills with great industry on the fence across the street. He thought he caught his own name printed in big, red letters. He snatched up an opera glass and read:



LORD LANSDOWNE.

way you threw it."

"Ha! ha!" said Clark, in a weak attempt at laughter. "That's good; though you threw as much as I did. But that was different, you see. Now, what do you say?"

"Well, I'm not particular about a weddin," answered the young lady. "Arrange it just to suit yourself, dear."

"We can announce a wedding, you know," went on Clark; "and then the day before we can just get married, and go away, and—leave 'em with the rice on their hands!"

The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over.—*Hayden Carruth in November Harper's Magazine.*

with rice.

At the station they found the train waiting. Their trunks were somewhat conspicuous on the roof of the baggage-car, so decorated with bows of white ribbon that they looked like big chrysanthemums. As they mounted the car platform the engineer sounded a long blast on the whistle, and the crowd gave three cheers for Jim Clark. Then there was a call for a speech. A pint of rice rolled off of Clark's hat as he removed it and simply said: "I thank you. I will never try it again."

The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over.—*Hayden Carruth in November Harper's Magazine.*

How to Treat the Missus.

The servant girl question being very much to the front at present, the following paper, recently read by Miss Ethel Marjorie Weddell, stuck before the Toronto Lady Domestic's Protective Association, will be of interest:

THIS is the first paper which I have wrote, but seeing I have had some experience in dealing with mistresses, perhaps

I can give the Association some pointers on How to Treat the Mistress. I don't need to say hardly that the aggravating and unreasonable nature of mistresses is the great trouble of the life of a lady domestic. Everybody knows that this was when things was worse when we was actually treated as inferior beings and had no rights. Thank heaven that all changed now, and the threat to leave usually brings the worst and most impudent of them to time—but still we have to put up with a great deal of temper and presumption from them. But I believe that we ourselves is sometimes to blame because we don't manage them right from the start.

The great thing is to begin right and treat them with firmness without being unduly severe. Let them know their place and distinctly understand that you won't permit any interference with your rights. Of course no lady domestic as respects herself or is true to her class is going to have a mistress poking about the kitchen, or dictating about followers, or making a fuss about breakages, or anything of that sort. She must be free to entertain her company and have her evenings out. Well, just as soon as the mistress begins raising any difficulty the way to do is to put your foot right down and assert yourself. If you do this you can soon have the mistress thoroughly broke in and avoid trouble afterwards. But too many lady domestics is weak and easy-going and lets themselves be imposed on in little things at the start. They're only themselves to blame if the mistress gets uppish and big-feeling and by-and-by makes life a burden to them. I've had my present position going on eight months now and I've got a treasure of a mistress just because I was firm and strict with her from the beginning. It's over a month since I had occasion to reprimand her, because she went and returned David Harum to the library before I'd finished reading it. She assured me it wasn't intentional and that such a thing wouldn't occur again, so I spoke kindly to her and overlooked it. I don't think it is well to be too hard on mistresses for mere thoughtlessness, but there are some things we should not excuse. The unreasonable size of families ought not to be tolerated. Children are an everlasting nuisance and worriment, and some mistresses have no consideration for their lady domestics in the matter. I had to discharge an excellent mistress on this account a few years ago. When I first come there was only two youngsters, or of course I'd never have accepted the position. But the family kept on increasing in a way that I considered a breach of faith, and though she raised my salary twice, when the fifth made its appearance I felt there was nothing for it but to let her go. I think all lady domestics ought to disown large families, and I'm glad to see that the birth-rate is steadily decreasing, which is likely due to our influence.

At half past nine he returned home. The streets were deserted and ominously quiet. He got his carriage, and drove around after his bride. Together they proceeded to the clergyman's. They went in, and the simple but beautiful ceremony was soon finished. As they stepped out of the house, they found the street blocked with their friends. The rest of the population of the town was coming around the corner in a long procession. Two or three brass bands seemed to be somewhere about the neighborhood. The horses had been taken off the carriage and a long rope attached. They took their seats, and the willing hands of friends drew them toward the station. The crowd followed.

"Dora, what do you say to a very simple wedding, on a—er—just a sort of

getting married, you know—quiet—no display—no—er—this stuff, you know—rice—no rice. You remember I don't like rice much."

"I know," answered Dora. "I dis-

covered it at Mabel's wedding—by the

SECRET WEDDING OF
JIM CLARK
To-day at ten o'clock.
You are invited.
BRING A BASKET OF RICE.
See small bills.

Mr. Clark with difficulty kept from fainting. But he pulled himself together at last, and started out. There seemed to be nothing to do but to see the thing through. A small boy was throwing handbills in all the front yards, and gave one to him. He stopped and read:

"The many friends of the justly popular

James McC. Clark take pleasure in an-

nouncing his absolutely and profoundly

secret marriage to-day at ten o'clock.

Twenty-five per cent. reduction on rice at all grocery stores. Per order.

COMMITTEE."

He hurried on down to his office. News-

boys were crying the morning papers—

"All about the secret weddin' of Jim Clark!" He caught glimpses on the first

of "scare heads" over long articles

presumably giving the details. One of

the big, red posters was pasted on his

office door. He went in and tried to look over his mail.

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All of this time the air remained foggy

ought not to forget that after all they are human like ourselves and have feelings that ought to be considered. I know there's those present which will disagree with me and call it maudlin sentimentalism or something of that sort—but I'm not ashamed to say that I have a heart which can sympathize with a mistress, that is, of course, providing she keeps her place and don't presume too much. For instance, I'm always willing to allow my mistress an occasional evening out, even if it puts me to some little inconvenience, and if you could see how happy and contented it makes her and how truly grateful she is to me I feel sure you would not grudge her this liberty. Of course if I have any particular engagement on hand that evening she wouldn't be for a moment expect me to give it up on her account, but if not, when she asks for an evening in a respectful manner I'm always ready to oblige. I think little acts of kindness of this sort tend to make the world better and brighter.

Some lady domestics encourage familiarity on the part of mistresses and make friends of them. It is not always well to do this, as it sometimes leads the mistress to presume above her station. However, it largely depends upon the character of the parties, and if a lady domestic feels sufficiently secure of her position to permit such approaches on the part of a mistress, without fearing that she will encroach too far or take undue advantage, I see no particular objection.

P. T.

Honoring the Old Masters.

SOME time ago SATURDAY NIGHT commented at some length upon the fact that the pupils and ex-pupils of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute were about to have portraits painted and placed on the walls of the Institute of its two ex-Principals. We pointed out at the time how important it should be considered that schools and colleges should preserve their history and traditions. It is not necessary to again go over the ground, but the Woodstock Collegiate Institute is to be con-

tinued in a merry party. Even then he was ever beside her, turning all his brilliancy to her path.

Hypnotism was being discussed, and he turned with sudden directness, saying, "I would like to hypnotize you," caring not that everyone heard. Boldness was part of his charm.

"Wish you would try," thought she, with the faintest doubt lingering about "try," but aloud she said, tossing back a spray red curl, "You couldn't do it."

"Perhaps not," he replied leisurely.

He was a strong man, full of vigor, yet thoughtful in expending it. One look at his gentle eyes revealed an exquisite sensuousness. The black lashes fell and curtained thi—, but not from an expert in eye study.

His eyes dwelt upon her constantly. A worldly woman, with the wonderful wisdom of such, would have hurried to the conclusion that the man desired conquest, and would have appeared to submit. But she would have been further astray than the untutored, for it is more than likely he had no intention of exerting himself to the extent of conquering. Beauty was his god, and there she sat beside him. What more did he desire?

Oh, but she was beautiful! Tall, lithe and active, finely proportioned, softly rounded, and crowned with a glory of ruddy hair.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Nov. 28, 10 a.m.
Albion Tuesday, Dec. 5, 10 a.m.
Trave Tuesday, Dec. 12, 10 a.m.

New York—Southampton—Bremen
H. H. Meissner Thursday, Nov. 30, 10 a.m.
Darmstadt Thursday, Dec. 7, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GER. LLOYD
HAMBURG AM. LINES

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gib. raltar.	Naples Genoa.
Werra Nov. 25	Dec. 4	Dec. 7 Dec. 8
Ems. Dec. 2	Dec. 11	Dec. 15
Aug. Vic. oria Dec. 16	Dec. 24	Dec. 27 Dec. 28
Kais. Wm. II Dec. 18	Dec. 26	Jan. 11 Jan. 12
Werra Dec. 30	Jan. 8	Jan. 16 Jan. 17
F. Bismarck Jan. 3	Jan. 8	Jan. 22 Jan. 23
Columbia Jan. 9	Jan. 20	Jan. 24 Jan. 25
Em. Jan. 12	Feb. 4	Feb. 7 Feb. 8
Kais. Wm. II Jan. 27	Feb. 12	Feb. 15 Feb. 16
Werra Feb. 3		

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gib. raltar.	Al. & Genoa.
F. Bismarck Jan. 3	Jan. 14 Jan. 19	
Columbia Jan. 9	Jan. 20 Jan. 25	
Kais. Wm. II Feb. 3	Feb. 11 Feb. 16	

ORIENTAL CRUISE—S. S. Auguste Vicoria will leave New York on Nov. 25, 10 a.m. for Mada-rija, Gibralter, Asia Minor, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. Dura to: of cruise, 67 days. Special pamphlets on applications available. Ask for beautifully illustrated books on Mediterranean.

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Fast Express Service
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Calling Westbound at Cherbourg

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St. Louis Nov. 22 St. Paul Dec. 27
St. Paul Dec. 6 New York Jan. 3
St. Louis Dec. 13 St. Louis Jan. 10

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NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Westernland Nov. 22 Noordland Dec. 8
Kensington Nov. 29 Friesland Dec. 13
The cabin and third class passengers at low rates.

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Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

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LIVERPOOL—BREMEN—FOR GERMANY
COPENHAGEN—HARVEY FOR PARIS and the RHINE
and ANTWERP

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto

The New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Co.

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Nassau, Santiago

R. M. MELVILLE
Can. Pass. Agent
40 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

The Ice-man's Opinion.

The editor of *Leslie's Weekly* sent a number of copies of *A Message to Garcia* to clerks, workmen, farmers and others. From a young man who came to New York from his home on a farm in Vermont and secured employment as a driver of an ice-wagon, he received this appreciative response:

"I received a copy of *A Message to Garcia*. It's very nice. Many thanks to you for it. I will send it up home so the rest can read it, for it is a great help to one to know such things."—From the *Buffalo News*.

Anecdotal.

Baron Alderson once remarked to an advocate who was notorious for the personal nature of the questions he addressed to witnesses, "Really, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly."

Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased, she asked: "Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?" "Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength." "I see, sir. Your conception of a sick-room is a slaughter house; mine is not."

The reminiscences and recollections of W. G. Grace, the veteran English cricketer, contain at least one good story—a joke made by Tom Emmett, a famous bowler. One Saturday afternoon Emmett was bowling for his club, but the fielders dropped catch after catch with such systematic persistence that he lost his temper, threw the ball on the ground, and said: "I'm not going to bowl any more. There's an epidemic on this ground, but thank heaven, it ain't catchin'!"

A story told to illustrate the character of Sir Redvers Buller worth repeating. During the last Nile campaign, while on board a river steamer descending some dangerous water in one of the higher cataracts, Sir Redvers entered into a discussion with Lord Charles Beresford as to the proper channel that should be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end that which Sir Redvers recommended was adopted, with the result that the steamer got through without accident. "You see I was right," exclaimed Sir Redvers, triumphantly; "mine was the proper channel." "That was mine too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I

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knew you would go against whatever I said."

The Church and the People.

A SENTENCE in a recently delivered address struck me as thought-inducing. It was this: "The idea of making the churches concert-halls, sensation-producers or amusement resorts is at the bottom of their failure to hold the people as they ought." One has so often heard the other side of the story, that the services are dull, the sermon uninteresting, the organist inefficient, the choir inartistic, that it was quite a relief to happen upon a truer note. Whether the churches ought to "hold the people" or not is another question. Those who have found them tiresome, narrow, and out of tune with nature and nature's God as those persons conceive of Him, say the idea of church attendance has outlived its usefulness owing to the spiritual advance of the age. Doctrinal questions don't interest the progressive mind, which balks at the creeds and turns tail on the Thirty-nine Articles, while its soul man reaches a courageous and powerful hand to lay hold of the hand of God and merge his little being in Him. But there are millions of conservative and slow-progressing but admirable persons, who will continue to go to church twice a Sunday, and live in peace and conscious rectitude, and there is that great army of up-growing folks, the boys and the girls, who are attracted through the sense to things good and evil, and for whom the rector deems it best to relax the old time asceticism of the church and interpolate this and that appeal to the pleasure-loving and sociable instincts of his congregation. This, says our thought-producing sentence, is what is wrong, mistaken and unworthy of the church. This is the real reason why the people do not get the good they might from their religion. A high note is struck later on, when somewhat of the church's possible power and fast disappearing usefulness is contrasted. A church should be a house of prayer first, last, and all the time, and every stone and every stick in it holy from every material profanation. So says the lecturer, and ventures to promise that the people who cannot be held by quartette choirs, magnetic persons or coffee house and gymnastic club notions, will come, as their higher nature needs them to, to a church run as it should be. But then comes to me a question. When one has reached the point at which one's higher nature overrules all the lower attractions, does one awfully need a church at all? Seems to me rather like talking over the telephone to a friend in the same room!

I asked six men, since reading that thought-producing sentence, why they went to church. Strange to say, they went to church. I think it's the right thing to do. It sets a good example to my children, and upholds the church of which I am a member. It is a good thing for this city that her men largely believe in going to church." His eyes and his voice were calm and cool, almost hard. The fifth said, "I like to go. It makes me feel better. It sets me up for the week, and I enjoy the singing." His eye kindled pleasantly, and I knew him for the kind, amiable and rather emotional person he is. The sixth was silent a moment, then he said slowly, "What do you want to know for?" I told him, "Then I will tell you honestly. It's the only time I seem able to think quietly. There is something in the church that soothes my nerves. I often slip into a Catholic church and sit in a corner and arrange the things that bother me. Seems to me I can always get them sorted up in church." "Things?" I said enquiringly. "Oh, yes; business things, you know. Say, Lady Gay, I'll tell you a story about that. I was going to plunge a bit last summer, and while I was thinking how deep I'd go, the parson was preaching, and I happened to look up and catch his eye. 'Thou fool!' says he, quoting from his text. 'Well, I took it for a sign, and let the stock alone. If I hadn't I'd have been out in the cold. I put a five on the plate one Sunday after that good tip. Parson never knew he gave it, though," and the young broker walked off chuckling. Then I gave up asking why men went to church. I think out of six I had a right to expect the soul of one to speak. And of the six the only one of

whom I have any doubt is he who yawned and said he didn't know. It may, perhaps, have been something more than sleepiness which started that yawn. It may have been that I asked him the question which roused the yearning, the soul-want in him, that which he went to church to try to satisfy.

"War," says the man in Red Rock, one of the books of the year, "is the destruction of everything." War is the evidence of things not seen, of covetousness, of animalism, or anger, or brutality, of herosim, of idealism, of loyalty to trust, of endurance, of the worst and the best, which many a man hides more carefully than he does the holes in his socks. In war it comes out! In war the foundation of the throne of God is rocked, and the Brotherhood, linking divine to divine, is rudely torn asunder. War is an alternative which shames us all. Someone has dared to call it glorious! LADY GAY.

Books and Shop Talk.

A WIDE DOMINION, by Harold Bindloss, is the seventh number in T. Fisher Unwin's Overseas Library, and contains a narrative of the author's experiences in Canada, or, to be more exact, in the North West Territories and British Columbia. To any reader the book is interesting, while to a Canadian it is instructive, as imparting candidly—more fully, too, than the author is aware—the impressions that our West country made upon a man who is essentially an Englishman. He saw everything through eyes other than ours—his own eyes, those of a matured Englishman whose prospects had become obscured at home and who came to Canada to benefit himself, ready to work hard and adapt himself in every way to the new country, but yet English in every fibre of him, and, I doubt not, wholly unable to conceal in his walk and conversation the feeling of superiority which he has not concealed in his printed narrative. Many Englishmen come out here to get chances in life, to seek what they cannot get at home—equality of opportunity with others; yet the first thing they deferences to which they have been accustomed in, perhaps, a very small way at home. They require to learn, but it is ungraciously learned, if at all, that we can not have the changed conditions of society that will advantage them without almost necessarily having these changes reach further than their own needs require or their desires approve. In this narrative given by Mr. Bindloss, a native Canadian reader feels that he is much disapproved by the author, because overlooked and disregarded in his own Dominion. Prals, a class of men in British Columbia, he says: "They are English most of them, neither American nor Canadian, but English, and—I would say it circumstantially—of a finer growth." This is the undercurrent of the whole book. The two Englishmen whose adventures are related in the volume, adapted themselves physically to our Western life, but they remained imbued with the traditions and influences of their antecedents. Their prejudices were always in arms. The book, however, is not unjust to Canada. It is to be regretted, though, that a book entitled *The Wide Dominion* should contain scarcely the barest mention of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. No adequate idea of the average development of the country is hinted at in the book. The English reader might suppose that life in Canada consisted wholly of growing wheat ten miles from a neighbor, shoveling gravel on a railroad and chopping in the forest primeval. The author knows only the outposts of Canada.

There is an interesting bit of criticism of the newspaper press in George Gissing's new book, *The Crown of Life* (W. J. Gage & Company). It comes in casually in conversation between the two leading characters in the story, Piers Otway and Irene Derwent:

"After all, a wise autocrat might well prohibit newspapers altogether, don't you think? They have done good I suppose, but they have done bad. When the next great war comes, newspapers will be the chief cause of it. And for mere profit, that's the worst. They are newspaper proprietors in every country who would slaughter half mankind for the pennies of the half who were left, without caring a fraction of a penny whether they had preached war for a truth or lie." "But doesn't a newspaper simply echo the opinions of its public?" "I'm afraid it manufactures opinion and stirs up feeling. Consider how very few people know or care anything about most subjects of international quarrel. A mere handful at the noisy center of things who make the quarrel. The business of newspapers, in general, is to give a show of importance to what has no real importance at all—to prevent the world from living quietly, to arouse bitterness when the natural world could be left alone." "Oh, surely you paint them too black! We must live, we can't let the world stagnate. Newspapers only express the natural life of peoples, acting and interacting."

"I suppose I quarrel with them," said Piers, once more subduing himself, "because they have such gigantic power and don't make anything like the best use of it."

"That is to say they are the work of men—I don't mean 'men' instead of women. Though I'm not sure that women wouldn't manage journalism better, if it were left to them."

"A splendid idea! All men to go about their affairs and women to report and comment. Why, it would solve every problem of society! There's the hope of the future beyond a doubt! Why did I never think of it?" The author appears in one way and another to convey the idea that the press of English-speaking countries has perhaps had a share in wars that are not of the future. In another passage, speaking of Otway, he says:

"He knew nothing of the patriotism which is but shouted politics from his earliest sense of intelligence he had learnt, listening to his father, a contempt for that loud narrowness."

The late Mr. Grant Allen, the novelist, was born on Wolf Island, opposite Kingston, February 21, 1848, when his father was incumbent of the Anglican church.

U. E. Loyalists and on the other of the early French settlers of Canada.

Lucky Lucknow.

Ontario Town Which Considers Itself Fortunate in Having Dodd's Kidney Pills on Hand.

Since Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Introduced Little is Heard of the Old Complaint
—**—Mr. Geo. Burgess**
Explains His Case.

LUCKNOW, Nov. 13.—The people of this town are of the opinion that they are the most fortunate lot of people in the country. They say that they have discovered a remarkably easy escape from Backache—the enemy of all peoples at all times. They say that Backache is really Kidney ache, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. The people of Lucknow may be right, and indeed they are right, to a certain extent. But they are laboring under a mistaken impression that if they imagine they have made a new discovery in finding Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Backache.

It is a well-known fact in all countries that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a specific not only for Backache, but for all forms of Kidney Disease—Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Women's Disorders, and Blood Impurities.

The people of Lucknow are none the less fortunate, however, in having a medicine that will cure these diseases, even though cures are not confined to their own town. Dodd's Kidney Pills comprise the only medicine that will cure them, and there was a time when the more severe of the maladies were incurable.

Mr. George Burgess of Lucknow says: "I have been sick for about five months. I had a terrible Backache all the time, and my kidneys were very bad as the doctor said. I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got one box and found relief almost immediately. I used three boxes altogether and am recovered completely. I can do my work better now than ever in my life before."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every letter
The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. *Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters.* 2. Letters will be answered in the *Editor*, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the *Editor's* time by writing reminders and requests for facts. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

THE CORPORA—1. It is true that my correspondents labor under a certain disadvantage, but then I am in the same boat. What interests one bores another. So it does. But to hear you never pray except when you have done something especially wicked is rather interesting: the frankness a one is unique. 2. You need not hesitate about the profession. Go in and win, and my best blessing go with you. Your writing is fine, generous, honest and optimistic, but it has not settled into decided character, and I don't think it would be fair to dissect it. I can only say if it develops as it promises you'll be a very noble and lovable man.

GLADYS H.—What an awful time you are making for yourself, poor girl! I wish you would write and tell me when your birthday comes, and also when your sister's comes, and then I can help you. Not the year, but the month and day of month. Very often such self-opinionated persons are quite convinced they are right and good, and I am no amount of taking down disturbs their calm. As to hating them, nothing justifies that, and it sometimes is possible to regard them more pleasantly when you know just how they are put together. Send me the dates I ask for and we shall see. In the meantime you have my fullest sympathies.

SLEEPY WILL.—I am sorry either you missed your former study or it missed getting to me. I do not recall your writing. It shows marked energy and great regard for effect. You might be artistic, and are hopeful, buoyant, rather self-willed, somewhat impatient, and at times given to hasty judgments. The impulse is erratic and shows a tendency to throw aside calm reason and trust to intuition. Writer has capacity for affection, but it would take a very fair person to influence him. Several books on graphology would interest him. Rosa Baughan's *Character in Handwriting* is published in London, Eng. Nelson Thorpe in New York and Creleux-Gamini in Paris have written books on graphology. All do not invariably attach the same importance or significance to the same curves and lines, a very natural result of their different nationalities. What an English, French or American man means by his expressions is, as you know, often quite different. You ask a rather awkward question: "Am I truthful?" I would only tell you that back-hand always suggests insincerity, though not always falsehood. You have quite a large vocabulary.

OLD SLOW.—No, my dear, my heart doesn't ache as I write. Don't you believe it for a moment?

Studio and Gallery

Amateur photography has of late taken a new lease of life. Royalty is mainly responsible for this state of things. To spend an hour in the boudoir of any of the great ladies is to find oneself surrounded by home-made pictures. The Princess of Wales prefers portraiture and nearly every member of her family has at different epochs in his or her life "looked pleasant" at her desire and faced her camera. The Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria also prefer portraiture, and their relatives have been very willing and patient subjects. Little Lady Alexandra Duff and her baby sister, in the daintiest of white frocks and hats, have posed in the garden of Mar Lodge, their Highland home, for their mother, who has succeeded wonderfully with them. Princess Charles of Denmark has taken the best portrait extant of the Princess of Wales, which is saying a good deal, for Her Royal Highness is probably the most photographed woman in the world. Marine views and yachts have received much attention from the camera of Princess Henry of Battenberg, although she occasionally takes a portrait. One of the best of the Duke of York is that of his Royal aunt, the showpiece of whose collection is a corner of the Castle at Berlin, with the Black Eagle of Prussia, in bronze and bold relief, upon a pedestal.

Mrs. Chamberlain, who excels in landscapes, has reason to be proud of her work in this respect, many of her negatives being notable works of art. Countess Boni de Castellane, too, has taken up photography since her marriage. Landscapes, if they boast a picturesque bridge, appeal to her irresistibly, and she has sent home to her American friends some very charming pictures taken in Brittany. The Princess de Sagan, the Duchess de Rohan, the Countess de Gresfalle, and many other French ladies, are also adepts in the pleasing art.

Professor Angel, the Queen's favorite painter, who has recently been intrusted with the execution of a portrait of Her Majesty, enjoys her highest confidence. The last time the Queen was sitting to him at Windsor Castle, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday, she wished to be taken simply as a woman, not as the Queen. This portrait, at Her Majesty's desire, is to be reproduced for circulation amongst the English people. The Queen, however, will not allow the original portrait to be used for reproduction, so Professor Angel will make a copy of it.

A ceramic display which promises to be of interest is to be given by Miss L. R. Hendershott, commencing Wednesday, Nov. 22, in her studio, 8 College street. Special study in New York recently has given fresh vigor and greater command of color to Miss Hendershott's already appreciated work. Some of the pieces will be a toast cup in brilliant coloring of ruby and amber with gold lining; vases with delicate tints of pinks and greys in roses, and brilliant warm tones of the same flowers; a pitcher in soft blackberries against a background of golden yellow. A number of small articles are especially dainty. The new lustre process has been espoused by Miss Hendershott and touches of it glint here and there in her pieces. A dozen plates of celebrated beauties add interest to a display specially attractive.

Henry Martin, O.S.A., has just returned from a two weeks' sketching trip on the Ottawa, Rideau and Gatineau Rivers, seeking autumn's beauties, purple hazes, brilliant colors and mellow lights. Close study of colors has also engaged his attention. All these captured beauties Mr. Martin delights to show his friends in his studio, 50 Gloucester street. Quite a number of his paintings have found homes within the last few weeks at Kingston, Ottawa and Arnprior. Mr. Martin is now prepared for his winter's studio work.

Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A., has just completed a bust of Lady Aberdeen, and also a number of statuettes of other celebrities.

The annual meetings of the Art Students' League and the Woman's Art Association of Hamilton were held last week in the studio of Miss Galbraith, who was unanimously elected president of both societies. The League is now in better financial standing than it has been since its formation and is anticipating a prosperous season. A new studio has been procured in the Y. M. C. A. building and the meeting nights are Mondays and Saturdays.

At the meeting of the W. A. A., Mrs. Dignan gave an interesting art talk. An exhibition was projected for the latter part of the month.

J. S. Gordon of Hamilton has furnished a number of illustrations for Christmas stories. The Canadian Magazine for



A DOCTOR FOR TEN CENTS—HUTCH.

A great many people run to a physician for every ailment they experience—this is not an unusual principle. The ignorance we all are in concerning our own anatomy is such that we feel the advice of one skilled in such matters should be sought. A very natural human weakness sometimes magnifies the trouble and produces anxiety when there is no cause. Look at it this way. The stomach is the primary organ of the body. A diseased stomach produces ills we in our ignorance sometimes fancy are local in character. A healthy stomach will soon relieve distress. Hutch Tablets will impart vigorous vitality to your stomach. A treatment of Hutch will permanently cure the disorders of the more remote organs of the body. That is why Hutch is called the doctor for ten cents. Its work is not confined to one organ alone, but its beneficent, healthful influence is experienced throughout the entire system.

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next month will contain an illustrated article by him on his Paris experiences.

departments will be dependent on increased ability. The stringency will be principally in the life class."

We imagine some of our teachers of art, as many of our teachers of music, could they afford to be transparently honest, and to be inspired by a desire for the greatest good for the pupil, would hint more often, as delicately as may be, but effectually withal, that "genius must be born and never can be taught." We heard of an amateur recently who had reached that stage in her art experience when she had learned to paint everything "except clouds and waves."

As a help to decorative composition, a lecturer in this branch of art has secured for his pupils during the winter months, when it is difficult to obtain fresh flowers as models, dried specimens of flowers and leaves. These may lack the life perhaps, which give the Renaissance ornament its main value, but the linear effects of these dried specimens abound in suggestions for combinations highly ornamental.

Miss Bertram delighted her numerous friends last week by placing on view her present collection of decorated china. No doubt Miss Bertram will still be glad to show her treasures to any not present then. Dainty in conception, tidy in execution, and reserved in subject, are all her decorative attempts. The study of water-colors, flowers particularly, which Miss Bertram has undertaken recently, will reveal itself in increased richness and scope in her ceramic art.

Lovers of art, and especially workers in the field of art, are likely to be faced by a temptation that ought to prove irresistible, in the form of the sumptuous edition of The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, with its two large volumes, containing three hundred reproductions of his paintings. The work will be edited by the artist's son, Mr. J. G. Millais.

Miss H. E. Bastedo has recently returned from an interesting and enjoyable trip to Manitoba and the North-West. Miss Bastedo has taken a number of sketches at different points during her trip.

Chicago artists have recently made somewhat successful studies in colored lithography. Three original lithographs have been published in *Brush and Pencil*. There is also, in Germany especially, a feeling after successes in colored lithography. Many seem to have dim conceptions of its possibilities, and we wish them success in this popular—and cheap, necessarily—form of reproducing color.

The Academy of Design in New York, meeting in its temporary structure, while waiting for its fine new building, has determined to draw its lines more stringently to shut out idlers and incompetents. "The new system adopted," says one of the school committee, "by the Academy of Design schools grants admission to any art student possessing the requisite ability. It is no longer a school for beginners, or a harbor or resort for incompetents. Continuance in the various

classes will be dependent on increased ability. The stringency will be principally in the life class."

A Modern Convenience.

A solemn-looking Irishman entered a business house the other day, and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked:

"Is dere any chanst for a mon t' get a job av wuk here?"

"I don't know," answered the man addressed; "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

"An' pfwere is he?" asked the Irishman.

"Up on the second floor," was the answer.

"Shall Ol walk up an' talk t' him?" queried the seeker after employment.

"No need of that," replied the man;

just whistle in that tube and he'll speak to you," pointing at the same time to a speaking-tube.

The old Irishman walked over to the

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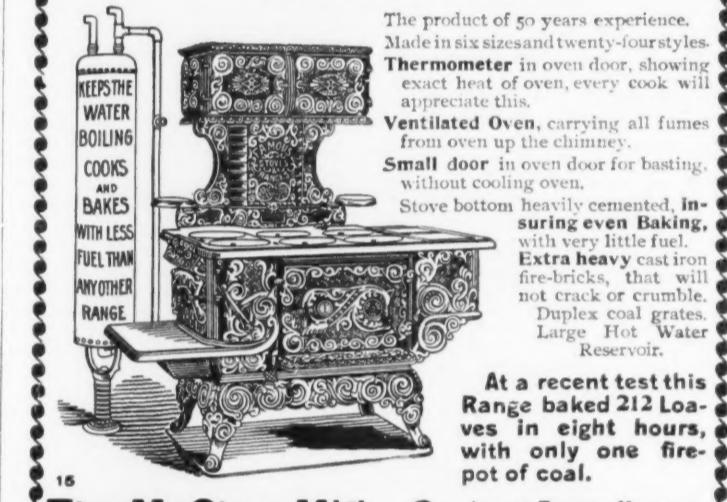
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A Misunderstanding.

THE girls all said when Violet Perrin's engagement was announced that she would be sure to make life interesting for her husband. She began doing it this week. The fracas commenced when hubby came across a pearl ring that he had hidden in his collar-box, and remarked, "That, my darling, is my first wife's." Violet took her tantrums at once. She heard herself scream, and she felt herself give a despairing grasp towards his hair, then she went down, down to nothingness, her last vision that of her husband's perfidious but handsome face. About that time he began to hallow. A doctor, her elder sister, three neighbors, and her mother were on the ground in about three minutes. Slowly she regained consciousness, and as she did so, hid her head away in her mother's arms and begged bitterly to be left "alone with mamma." The doctor withdrew, and the anguished husband was about to go also, when she began to have hysterics.

Here Charley had a chance to speak. "Well, aren't you?" he said.

Then Violet had hysterics again, but her mother said it serves her right for marrying one of those funny men who are always making jokes.

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MUSIC.

TORONTO is getting an unenviable reputation for the ill-mannered behavior of its audiences at concerts and opera performances. It is an ungrateful task to call attention to the fact, and it is humiliating to have to confess that there are good grounds for the accusations made against us. It is almost an invariable rule for audiences at our musical entertainments to arrive late, and in the case of opera the overture and the early vocal numbers are given to the accompaniment of the banging of seats, the running of ushers up and down the aisles, and the swish of feminine garments. The small section of the audience who by accident are seated in time for the overture, show their lack of musical appreciation and their ignorance of good manners by talking throughout, although in the great operas the overture is just as much a work of art as any of the numbers in the opera proper. Speaking generally, when a vocalist is a star, and is singing, the audience are all attention, but they rudely break in with applause as soon as they think the vocal part is finished, and the last measures of the music, which although assigned to the orchestra are essential parts of the composition and are necessary to complete the musical thought, are overwhelmed in noisy applause and strident cries for an encore. A flagrant instance of this general want of consideration for those who may have a genuine love for music, of this contempt for the design of the composer, was shown at the recent performance of Carmen by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. The intermezzo which Bizet wrote for the orchestra in this work are charming little compositions, exquisitely scored for the instruments and full of color and character. And yet the fashionable audience which filled the Grand remorselessly chattered while they were being played by one of the best opera orchestras that has been heard in this city. It is not to be wondered that managers are, as a rule, unwilling to spend extra money in providing an artistic orchestra at their theaters. They urge with truth that it is only throwing money away to engage a well equipped orchestra, as the public show in the most conclusive way possible that they do not want one. People who come from abroad express amazement at the behavior of Toronto audiences in these matters. They laugh when they hear it claimed that Toronto is a musical city, and they ask where is the evidence of the educational influence of all the teaching that goes on from year to year in our conservatories and colleges?

No doubt many of our citizens who offend against good taste and manners in the way I have mentioned, do so partly from thoughtlessness and partly from their want of knowledge of the nature of a musical composition, and the pressure calling attention to the subject, may do something to correct the evil. With regard to the orchestral part of the great operas, it should be borne in mind that it is here that the composer often reveals his greatest ingenuity, his deepest expression, and his most powerful effects, while it is occasionally of more importance and significance than the vocal score. It strengthens, emphasizes and makes clearer the dramatic situation and the significance of the words, and an audience who is inattentive to what it has to say is simply losing a large share of the intellectual and emotional enjoyment which the opera in its integrity is designed to give them.

When in London some years ago I was greatly impressed by the exemplary behavior and musical appreciation shown by a Covent Garden audience at a performance of The Meistersingers. Every number was listened to in silence until it was absolutely completed by the final close or cadence from the orchestra, and in cases where there was no point of division or pause between the numbers, applause was restrained until the fall of the curtain. The soloists were Mme. Albani, Jean de Reszke and Lasalle, but although these artists were all stars and immensely popular, there was no interruption of the artistic continuity of the performance by any attempt to give any one of them a demonstration of approval. And the result was that those who were not acquainted with the work were enabled to hear it as an organic whole, while those who were familiar with the music did not have their enjoyment spoiled by ill timed applause or small talk.

The second military concert at the Massey Hall, last Saturday, in point of attendance eclipsed the inaugural event of the previous week, the auditorium being packed to the doors. The feature of the evening, apart from the military tableaux and the patriotic selections, was the playing of the Thirteenth Battalion Band of Hamilton. Their principal number was Weber's Jubilee overture, which they gave an excellent rendering. For power, brilliancy and tone quality the Hamilton band no doubt takes precedence over all others in the province, a result due as much to the efforts of their bandmaster, Mr. Robinson, as to the patriotic support given it for so many years by the citizens of the ambitious city. In Toronto we have five or six military bands, and while the number may be considered an advantage it causes a division of both interest and support.

and prevents any concentration of effort in the direction of making any one band supreme. In connection with this concert mention may be made of the singing of Master Birnie Rautenberg, the boy soprano, who greatly pleased the audience with his intelligent and sweet singing of Stand by the Old Flag. This evening (Saturday) the band of the 29th Battalion of Berlin will occupy the platform, and a choice selection is promised from them.

The Saturday afternoon recitals at the Toronto College of Music were resumed last Saturday, when a programme was given by pupils of the musical director, Mr. F. H. Torrington. The programme embraced the following: Brassin, Nocturne Op. 17, Vierlich, Staccato Caprice, Miss Lillian Porter: Buck, How Merry Goes the Time, vocal, Miss Free; (a) Beethoven, Sonata Op. 2, No. 3, Allegro con brio, (b) Chopin, Berceuse D flat, Miss Beatrice Dent; Verdi, Ermanni, Involanti, vocal, Miss Florence Walton; (a) Rink, Allegro, (b) Calkin, Andante, organ, Miss Eugenie Maxwell; Alliston, Song of Thanksgiving, vocal, Miss Fredrica Paul; (a) Stainer, Andante, (b) Fantasia, organ, Miss Beatrice Dent; Granier, Hosanna, vocal, Miss Annie Watson; Schirra, Reverie Sogna, vocal, Miss Eileen Millett; (a) Grieg, Papillon Op. 43, (b) Moszkowski, Valse Op. 31, No. 2, Miss Lillian Landell; Donizetti, Oluce di quest' anima, Mrs. Moret; Crozier, I Cling to Thee, My Saviour, Mr. James Heron.

Master Bernie Rautenberg, whose portrait is here given, is a boy soprano whose singing has come in for a great deal of favorable notice of late. He is soloist in the choir of St. Mary Magdalene church, Toronto. He is only eleven years of age, and made his first public appearance at Halifax, N. S., when seven years old, singing The Holy City with an effect that made quite a stir. His parents then re-



Master Bernie Rautenberg.

moved to Sackville, N. B., that he might continue his training. Since coming to Toronto he has been under the tuition of Mr. E. W. Schuch and Rev. E. J. Word. He first attracted notice in Toronto by his singing at the production of The Brownies in Massey Hall a year ago. He resides with his parents at 230 Robert street and is much sought after for concert engagements.

Mr. H. M. Blight, the well known local baritone, has opened a studio at Room 12, Richmond Chambers, No. 11; Richmond street west, where he is prepared to receive pupils in singing. Mr. Blight has had many years experience as a concert singer and stands high in his profession. His reception hour will be from eleven to twelve each morning.

The choir of Bloor street Presbyterian church will give a service of praise on Monday, Nov. 27. Among those who will take part are Miss Violet Gooderham, Mr. Crowley, the Toronto Ladies' Quartette, and the choir of the church under the direction of Mrs. Blight.

An organ recital and service of praise, under the direction of Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, organist and choirmaster, will be given in Old St. Andrew's church, on Thursday evening, November 21. The programme comprises solo, trio, quartette and chorus numbers, in which among others the following will take part: Miss Marie Wheeler, soprano; Miss Janet Grant, contralto, and J. A. Newson, bass.

The second military concert at the Massey Hall, last Saturday, in point of attendance eclipsed the inaugural event of the previous week, the auditorium being packed to the doors. The feature of the evening, apart from the military tableaux and the patriotic selections, was the playing of the Thirteenth Battalion Band of Hamilton. Their principal number was Weber's Jubilee overture, which they gave an excellent rendering. For power, brilliancy and tone quality the Hamilton band no doubt takes precedence over all others in the province, a result due as much to the efforts of their bandmaster, Mr. Robinson, as to the patriotic support given it for so many years by the citizens of the ambitious city. In Toronto we have five or six military bands, and while the number may be considered an advantage it causes a division of both interest and support.

Miss Detta Ziegler, soprano soloist of the Sherbourne street Methodist choir, who has already filled numerous concert engagements this season, has been engaged as soloist in the Messiah perform-

ance to be given next month in London. Miss Ziegler's sympathetic and artistic singing from Sunday to Sunday at the Sherbourne street church has won for her the esteem and warmest regard of both choir and congregation. Her renderings of Mendelssohn's Jerusalem and the solo portions of Rossini's Inflammatus on Sunday evening were greatly appreciated and admired.

A most successful piano and song recital was given on Thursday of last week in the City Hall, B'leville, by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, piano virtuoso, of Toronto, and Miss Mabel De Guerre of B'leville. The recital was largely attended by a cultured and appreciative audience, and from beginning to end was an artistic success. Mr. Tripp's playing was enthusiastically received, and the local press speak in the highest terms, comparing him favorably with the foremost pianists of this continent. Miss De Guerre, who has recently come to B'leville as teacher of singing in Albert College, has already become a great favorite with her beautiful voice and artistic method. Mr. V. P. Hunt was the director and accompanist, and to his efforts in the cause of good music is due the success of this enjoyable recital.

A mandolin, banjo and guitar club for gentlemen has been organized by Mr. Smedley, which meets at the Toronto College of Music on Monday evening at eight o'clock. Already a large number of players have joined. A most successful rehearsal was held on last Monday evening.

On Thursday of last week Mr. C. La Roy Kenney, Toronto's most famous monologue artist, presented his clever arrangement of Sheridan's comedy, The Rivals, before the friends and pupils of the School of Elocution and Dramatic Art at the College of Music. This was Mr. Kenney's introduction to the School, upon the staff of which he has recently been appointed. It is not too much to say that he scored a great success and held the earnest attention of the very large audience which by hearty applause showed how much Mr. Kenney's artistic work was enjoyed. Each character in this difficult play was presented with dramatic fidelity, and the fine voice of the entertainer was used in a manner to prove his careful training and long experience. Mr. Kenney was one of Mr. Shaw's former pupils and his success was a compliment to his teacher, who introduced him to the audience. The entertainer received excellent assistance from Miss May Mawhinney, who sang Longing, by Ambrose, in excellent voice. Miss Houghton played Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor in splendid style, and Miss Eleanor Kennedy was heartily encored for her splendid interpretation of Liszt's Rhapsode Hongroise, No. 2. Both these young ladies are pupils of Mr. Torrington.

The concerts of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir have created so much public interest that an immense number of applications were received for that given last night (Friday). A sufficient allotment of tickets having been made to fill the church, the committee were obliged to disappoint some hundreds of people by refusing to issue any more.

A number of the advanced piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt gave a most interesting private musicale on Saturday afternoon last at his residence, 331 Bloor street. The programme was exceedingly choice, and was interpreted in a manner distinguished for numerous merits, both in regard to the technical performance and the musical exposition of the music. A novel feature and an instructive one was introduced by Mr. Vogt giving an analysis, with suggestive comments, in reference to each of the compositions rendered. The scheme was as follows: Sonata for piano and violin, op. 8 Grieg, Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Ernest Cork; Rigoletto fantasia, Liszt, Miss Jessie Perry; Warum and Grillen, Schumann, Miss Mary Hagarty; Etude in G, Lambert, and Witches' Dance, Macdowell, Miss Florence Brown; Walther's Preislied, Wagner-Bendel, Miss Ida Kerr; Berceuse in D flat, Chopin, and Valse in G flat, Miss Maud Robinson; Rhapsodie, op. 17, Brabins, and Faschi's schwank, Schumann, Mr. Douglas J. Bertram; Murmuring Zephyrs, Jean-Niemann, Miss Frances Macdonald; Ballade, Haberdier and Etude Melodique, Raff, Mrs. Harold Clark; Romance, Schuett, Miss Sara Bradley; Concerto in D minor, first movement, Mozart, Mr. Leslie Hodgeson.

Mr. Angelo M. Reed of St. Catharines has concluded a very satisfactory sale to G. Schirmer of New York of his manuscript cantata, A Song of the Nativity. The work will be published immediately. Mr. Reed has also disposed to Messrs. Ashdown & Co. of London and Toronto a book of Love Songs for medium voice, on a royalty basis. These songs will be published simultaneously in England and America.

The choir of the Central Presbyterian church have in rehearsal Maunder's sacred cantata Penitence, Pardon and Peace, and will produce it shortly in connection with a service of praise. Mr. McNally, the choirmaster, who will direct the performance of the work, expects that the choir will give a specially good account of itself on the occasion.

Mr. Torrington, whose energy in the cause of oratorio shows no sign of flagging, is busy rehearsing with his festival chorus for a Christmas production of the Messiah. He announces, moreover, that he will subsequently produce Israel in Egypt.

Miss Clara Butt's singing at her farewell concert on Friday evening of last week aroused immense enthusiasm at the Massey Hall. Although the singer was suffering from a cold her magnificent voice was apparently but little affected except in a few of her lowest notes. She made her greatest successes in the songs with English words, among which were Cowen's fine setting of The Promise of Life, Kathleen Mavourneen, and Auld Robin Gray.

After the programme was finished the audience kept their seats until at last Miss Butt obligingly came forward and sang Sullivan's Lost Chord. This was the climax of the evening, and was received with a degree of enthusiasm that has rarely been paralleled here. This impressive and beautiful song has never been rendered before with such majesty, such breadth and beauty of tone, or with such elevated expression. It is worth noting, as showing the ready resource and excellent memory of Mr. Hewlett, who played the accompaniment on the organ, that Miss Butt had only one copy of the music with her, which she required for her own use on account of the words, and that Mr. Hewlett, although taken at a disadvantage, successfully accomplished the feat of reproducing the organ part so cleverly and with so little variation from the original that the audience would not have been aware that he was playing without the music had attention not been called to the fact by an apology. Miss Butt was recalled a dozen times during the evening. In addition to the numbers mentioned she gave most finished renderings of two of Handel's most attractive songs, the Lascia che Pianga and Ombra mai fu, and as an encore Schubert's Death and the Maiden. Miss Butt, who has been engaged for seven concerts in New York, returns to England early in December. It is a pity that Manager Suckling cannot see his way clear to secure her appearance in Toronto for a third time before she sails, as she will no doubt be so much in request in England that it may be a long time before she revisits America.

The Metropolitan School of Music announces an unusually prosperous and interesting season. Recent features of note were a large number of full and partial awards, the teachers represented in these being: Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director of music; Miss Campbell L. Stotesbury, Mr. W. Y. Archibald, Signor Sajous, Miss Ethel K. Martin, Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, Miss A. F. Davy, Miss Kate Archer and Miss Lillian Burns. Competitors entered from various parts of the province, as well as Toronto, and, all told, a high degree of talent was presented. The Metropolitan School of Music is beginning work in its classes that are free to pupils of the institution, and now "Normal" classes in piano are being organized for instruction under Mr. W. O. Forsyth. The normal class presents an admirable opportunity—for those who desire a special course on how to teach—from one of the most successful masters of the piano in Canada. Particulars as to the course can be obtained from either Mr. Forsyth or the secretary of the institution.

The reposeful one—My dear, I wish you would not be so energetic. Will you never rest? The fussy one—I never expect to be able to rest till I get in my grave, and then it will be just my luck that the next day will be the Resurrection.—Life.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. I. L. Nichols has returned to Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Malcolmson spent a few days in Toronto recently. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice and Miss Daisy visited the Horse Show in New York this week.

Mrs. J. H. Bertram of 19 Brunswick avenue will be At Home on the first and third Thursdays, instead of Wednesdays as formerly.

Mr. Walter Nichols entertained a few of his friends at dinner last Tuesday evening, and when the boys took their departure in the small hours of the morning it was unanimously voted the jolliest dinner that ever happened. Among those who shared the hospitality of this most popular young host were: Messrs. Frank Allen, Arthur Ritchie, Lorne Flaws, Russell Bolton, Ernest Proctor, Frank Hodgson, Harry Buller, Walter Kerr, Bert Morrison, and John Rogers.

A very pretty home wedding took place at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening at 49 Alexander street. Miss Fannie Coleman, daughter of Mr. Arthur Coleman, was married to Mr. Fred L. Ratcliff of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. B. D. Thomas, assisted by Rev. F. Ratcliff of Stouffville, father of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were the bride's sister, Miss Alice Coleman, and Miss Maud Stockwell. Mr. Harry J. Scott of Trenton was groomsman. Master George Matthews and Miss Aileen Marks were the pages. The bride's gown was a simple and dainty effect of figured white muslin. The bouquet was of bride roses. The bridesmaids wore gowns of white India silk, and carried chrysanthemums. The house was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and chrysanthemums. Besides many city friends, there were present from a distance: Mr. Ed. Coleman of San Francisco, Mr. C. H. Booth of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Matthews of Peterboro', Miss Mulligan of Port Hope, and Mr. Alex. Stewart of Guelph. Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliff left to visit a number of United States cities, after which they will be At Home at 117 Maitland street.

A jolly party from Hamilton is to be on hand for the Argonauts' dance next Friday, and there are great anticipations hereabouts of a grand time. Supper and music are to be extra good. The committee are to be found at 12 King street east.

Mrs. Robert Darling has sent out cards for an afternoon reception on next Thursday from half-past four to seven o'clock.

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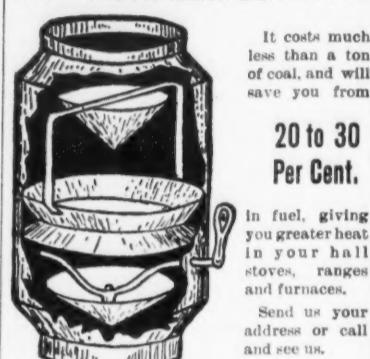


we can offer you great advantages—all who have inspected our stock testify to our leadership in quality. Inspect our Ring stock—you will then realize that we save you money.

Our 20th Century Christmas Messenger is mailed (free) upon request.

AMBROSE KENT & SONS
MANUFACTURING JEWELERS
156 YONGE STREET • TORONTO

The WILSON HEAT DEFLECTOR



It costs much less than a ton of coal, and will save you from 20 to 30 Per Cent.

In fuel, giving you greater heat in your hall stoves, ranges and furnaces.

Send us your address or call and see us.

The Wilson Heat Deflector
Manufactured by Chas. F. Rees & Co.
138 VICTORIA ST., - TORONTO

In Planning

The Wedding

You may rely on our superior skill and thorough experience. Our

WEDDING CAKES

are specially noted for delicious perfection.

Any size—sent anywhere.

Gotes

Caterers for Every Kind of Entertainment

719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

BY CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.

GIGANTIC UNRESERVED

AUCTION SALE
OF THE LARGEST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF

**Turkish Rugs, Carpets
Embroideries**

ever imported into this country. Comprising Royal Bokhara, Iran, Ottoman, Shiraz, Shirvan, Hamidid, Dauostan, etc., etc. Rugs and Carpets, Elegant Turkish Embroideries, costly Bagdad Portieres, etc.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, November 22

and following afternoons until the entire stock is sold.

At the Bon Marche

Nos. 7 and 9 King St. East, near Yonge St.

The subscribers are favored with instructions from

L. BABAYAN, ESQ.,
to offer by public auction at the above address and date, this costly collection. Never before has such a choice and well-arranged stock of Oriental art goods been submitted to public competition in Canada. Caution: will be ready in a few days. Mailed on application.

Ready in a few days. Mailed on application.

SALES, 2353.

CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.,
Auctioneers.

Telephone 1.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. H. B. Aikens is not receiving on Tuesdays now, owing to family bereavement.

Miss Edith Greene has returned from England, and is attending upon her invalid parent, Mrs. Columbus Greene, who has been so long ill.

Bad news from Mrs. Nordheimer of the increasing illness of Miss Nordheimer in Italy has saddened many friends.

Mrs. W. J. Elliott has removed from 82 Wellesley street to 52 Collier street, where she will receive on the second and third Mondays.

Miss Catto left this week to join Miss Catto, who has been abroad for some time. Mrs. and the Misses Taylor of Fliersheim are to leave shortly for the South to spend the inclement weather, Mrs. Taylor having been far from strong lately.

(Trade-mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)



THE SECRET OF PRESERVING
Health lies in accordance with Nature's laws. The secret of regaining health lies in the same direction.

OXYDONOR provides a natural cure for all forms of disease. By more placing the body in a condition that compels it to take in large quantities of oxygen, disease is reversed.

MR. GEORGE F. DREW, former Governor of Florida, U.S.A., writes March 4, 1896: "Oxydonor has twice cured me of Inflammatory Rheumatism and has never failed me in any disease. I am better since using Oxydonor than at any time since I arrived at manhood, and I am now nearly 72 years old."

MR. WIL. FEELY, of Hull, Quebec, writes, Oct. 23, 1898: "Oxydonor has helped my wife very much. I am very grateful for what it has done for me."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM

MR. JAMES RALPH, P.M., of Goldenburgh, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer for over ten years with Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had given up in despair, thinking there was no permanent cure for me. I began using Oxydonor, and in about three weeks I was as free from pain when I was twenty years of age, and I am still free from pain and sleep well at night."

CAUTION. Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr. H. Sanchez, of the original and inventors, and others, filed a suit in the Supreme Court, Washington, D.C., against imitators. We are operating under the only patents that have been granted on this process and these instruments. Nothing can be gained or saved by buying imitations. All genuine instruments in this line are stamped with the name "Dr. H. Sanchez, or Dr. H. Sanchez & Co." Examine the stamp closely before you buy.

We want reliable, energetic persons in all sections of Canada to sell our productions. Liberal dis-counts. Many giving only part of their time are making \$100 to \$200 per month. Others, giving all their time to the business, more. Write for terms.

UNITED STATES OFFICES: 201 Fifth Ave., New York City. 61 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich. 57 State St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.
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FLASKS

With BAYONET TOPS

Russia, Pigskin and Morocco Leather Covered

With Silver Plated, Gold Lined Cups

Price \$4.00 to \$9.00.

With SCREW TOPS

Morocco Leather Covered.

Silver Plated, Gold Lined Cups.

Price \$2.00 to \$3.50

Sizes— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints.

DELIVERED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

For one
who Travels
The...

Drinking Glass

in REAL PIGSKIN CASE

CORK LINED

Is a very acceptable gift.

In three sizes. Prices \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.



Rogers' Fine Furniture

FOR THE...

**Drawing-
Room**



Rarely have we shown so choice a selection of really high-grade suites and odd chairs as we have now on view.

Included in the display are some exquisitely shaped pieces in the styles of Louis XIV. and of the Empire.

Less richly decorated, but equally well made and finished are a line of low and medium priced chairs, settees, &c., which we consider to be of exceptionally good value.

THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED

97 YONGE STREET

Hints on Dress For Men.

"For afternoon wear the coat is always either black or very dark; for morning wear it may be black or of any dark shade, but is generally gray. For either purpose the vest may be of a modest fancy vesting, or of the same material as the coat. The trousers are generally of a fancy medium light-colored material, but for the morning suit the material may be the same as for the coat. The afternoon suit may, therefore, be worn in the morning, but the gray suit is not suitable for the afternoon." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, makes a specialty of society dress, and is showing a splendid range of the newest imported woolens for making them—highest class tailoring.

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